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A NIGHT SCENE ON THE HUDSON.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

CHAPTER IX.—MR. WARWICK MAKES AN OFFER.

AFTER that day, the Marks household saw no more of Mr. Annesley for some time. Even in the walks which Katharine regularly took with the children, they ceased to meet him, as often before; and they might have thought him absent from home, if they had not seen him occasionally ride past on his way to and from the village. Katy mourned this sudden desertion faithfully; but even for Katy's heart there proved at last to be a balm in Gilead, and it came in this way.

Between the well-cultivated fields which Mr. Marks called his own, and the stately Morton woods that stretched to meet them, and bore the Morton name for many a long mile, there lay a strip of land belonging to the latter, which, having been "thrown out" for years, had made that place dear to every child's heart—an old field where broom-straw and young pines disputed possession with blackberry-bushes and wild fruit-trees; where strawberries by bushels were to be found in spring, and sweet, delicate wild-flowers bloomed in profusion; where the boys of Tallahoma came when they wanted to arrange strictly private racing or shooting matches; where there was always a ring ready for amateur circus performers; where there was a "branch" in which minnows and crawfish abounded (not to speak of the best possible mud for mud-pies), and where the Marks children spent as much time, the whole year round, as was left at their own disposal.

One day they came home from this favorite resort full of momentous intelligence—they had made a new acquaintance. When the name of this new acquaintance was heard, the interest of the elders was scarcely inferior to that of the children; for it was Felix Gordon—the little prince, as people began to call him, on account of his proud young beauty and grand young manners.

"And he's downright jolly, mamma," cried Jack, in his vociferous way. "I thought he was a baby, you know—having a great big nurse following him about all the time; but he isn't a bit of a one. And he says he hates her; and he says she ain't going to mind him any more."

"But he's got a boy that follows him now," said Dick; "and he orders him about just as if he was a man."

"But I thought his mother kept him so close, he was never allowed to see anybody?" said Mrs. Marks. "He must have been there without her knowledge."

"He says he can go anywhere he pleases now, provided this boy goes along with him," answered Jack, whose volubility made him spokesman for the party, whether the others would or no. "He says Mr. Annesley talked his mother into 'lowing it; and he says he's going to have a pony soon as ever Mr. Annesley can find one for his mother to buy."

"And he says I may ride it!" broke in Katy, determined to have an utterance on this point at least.

"My daughter!" said her mother, reprovingly. "I hope you were not such a forward little girl as to ask him."

"Oh, no, mamma; he promised me his own self."

"Oh, did he?" cried Jack, sarcastically. "Well, I reckon he did—after you'd been hinting like forty! She told him she liked riding, mamma, and she kep' a-telling him so, till he was *'bliged* to ask her. Yes, missy, you know that's so!"

"I don't," retorted the little lady, angrily.—"'Tain't so, either, mamma; he asked me his own self."

"Why didn't he ask Sara, too, then?" inquired provoking Jack. "She's a great deal prettier than you are—you stuck-up, forward thing!"

"He did ask me," said Sara's quiet little voice.—"He turned round and asked me just after he asked Katy, mamma; and just like he was a grown-up gentleman. But I told him no, I was much obliged to him, but I was afraid of horses."

"And that was what Katy ought to have told him," said Jack, looking severe reproof at Katy.

"But I ain't afraid of horses," cried she, indignantly; "and I oughtn't to have told a story.—Mamma, he is so nice. Mayn't we please go to see him?—he asked us."

"Yes, mamma, he asked us—mayn't we?" chorussed all the rest.

But of this, Mrs. Marks would not hear. "You may go to see him, if he comes to see you," she said; "but otherwise—certainly not."

With this condition, the children were obliged to be content—trusting to their new acquaintance for its fulfilment. But their new acquaintance either would not or could not fulfil it. He met the little Markses every day in their favorite place of resort; and every day they brought home more wonderful accounts of Felix's sayings and doings; but Felix himself never appeared.

And so the Indian summer came gradually to an end; the soft, blue haze faded from the landscape; a few fierce storms tore all the bright leaves from the trees; and Winter—at least as much of winter as the fair South ever knows—was seated on his throne. His first act of power was a nipping frost, accompanied by such a "freeze" as had not been known in that region of country for a fabulous number of years—a freeze which, to the amazement of everybody, spread a sheet of ice over a small mill-pond near the town, and put all the boys of Tallahoma figuratively on their heads, and literally on their backs.

In the new field of amusement thus opened, neither Jack nor Dick were behindhand; and one day they joined in begging Miss Tresham to come and witness their prowess. "Sara and Katy want to see some skating," said the boys, who were not bad brothers as boys go; "and mamma says they can't come out to the pond, 'less you'll come too, Miss Tresham. Please, do; it's such good fun."

"Is it?" said Miss Tresham. "But it is cold fun, too, for people who don't skate. Have you got a fire out there?"

"Oh, the biggest sort," cried both boys, in a breath. "And we'll make it up splendid, if you'll come, Miss Tresham."

Miss Tresham looked doubtfully out of the window. It was certainly cold; but the boys were anxious; Katy and Sara looked unutterable things; she herself felt that she needed exercise; and, then—the wind was not blowing! That is such a great point in a climate where still cold can never be very dreadful.

"Do you want to go very badly?" she asked, with a smile, of the two little girls.

And they—who knew by that smile how their cause was won—answered, eagerly: "Oh, yes'm; oh, Miss Tresham, indeed we do!"

"Very well, then; we will walk out after dinner. And as for you"—she shook her finger at the two young skaters—"if you deceive me about the fire, I will never trust either of you again."

They made the most effusive promises, the two young scamps, who were secretly burning to be off. "Never mind, Miss Tresham, *I'll* see about it," said Jack, grandly. "I'll make them bring heaps of pine-knots, and they shall all be put on when you come.—But, I say, Dick, look sharp—it's time we were off."

"Off!" echoed the governess. "Are you not going to wait for dinner?"

"We can't," said both in a breath. "But Mom Judy promised to have us a basket ready, and we'll eat it on the road." (They did not mean the basket, but its contents.) "Don't change your mind, Miss Tresham—we'll look for you."

"You shall see me," answered she. "I hope you will enjoy yourselves."

They had the grace to thank her; and then were off, running down the passage, leaping down the staircase, as if the fate of a nation depended on their speed; and filling the house with that stir and clatter, that healthful noise and pervading sense of vitality, which only the presence of boys can diffuse.

After they were gone, Miss Tresham and her two young charges drew near the school-room fire, and waited for the sound of the dinner-bell. It came at last, breaking in upon the oft-told story of the "Fair One with the Golden Locks;" and they went down together, the children claiming each a hand of their young teacher, and making quite a pretty picture when they entered the dining-room.

At least, so a gentleman thought who was standing before the fire with a paper in his hand, and at sight of whom Katy burst into an exclamation.

"Why, unky! I thought you never came to dinner."

"I have come to-day, at any rate," said he. "Do you mean to say you are not glad to see me?"

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"Oh, yes, so glad—ain't we, Sara? But, unky—" Here a sudden pause, and a tiptoe peeping into "unky's" coat-pocket.

"Well?" said he, apparently unconscious of this fact.

But Katy was too busy for speech. She had detected a brown-paper parcel in that receptacle, and she was now intent on an abstraction of the same—a design very well favored by Mr. Warwick's deep interest in politics. Then came a shout.

"Oh, Sara, look! Mamma—Miss Tresham—look!"

"French candy, I declare!" said Mrs. Marks. "John, you really ought not to be so extravagant. You ruin these children."

"Oh, mamma, it's so nice!" said Katy, with a crystallized fig in one hand, and a rose-flavored triumph of confectionery in the other.

"So nice, is it?" said her mother, severely. "And pray, where are your manners? Have you offered Miss Tresham any?—or even your uncle? No; you need not do it now" (as Katy penitently gathered up the paper in her two little hands), "I hear your father's step on the piazza, and dinner is ready.—Tom, put that candy on the mantel-piece."

"May I have it as soon as dinner's over, mamma?" asked Katy, watching, with regretful eyes, the elevation of the candy.

"Yes, you may have it; and I hope you will offer the rest of us some," said Mrs. Marks, taking her seat at the head of the table. "I am fond of candy myself.—Well, my dear, it is cold out—is it not?"

This was addressed to Mr. Marks, who, coming in from the outer world with the state of the thermometer written legibly on his nose, made straight for the fireplace.

"Cold! I should think so, indeed," he answered. "Almost cold enough to nip a man's ears. I never saw such a spell of weather but once before in my life."

"And that was not in December, I am sure," said Mr. Warwick, surrendering possession of the hearth-rug.

"No; I never saw any thing like it in December before," answered Mr. Marks, standing with his back to the fire, and critically scanning the table over his wife's head. "Our mild weather always lasts until after New-Year."

"Last Christmas we had garden roses on the dinner-table," said Katharine; "but the poor bushes are melancholy sights now. Did you notice them as you came through the garden, Mr. Warwick?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Warwick. "Your cloth-of-gold buds, especially. The frost did not spare you even one."

"Mr. Annesley'll send her some prettier flowers," remarked Katy. "He always does; and I like them better than ours."

"No doubt of that, you true daughter of Eve!" said Mr. Warwick, who had sufficient discretion to remove his eyes from Katharine's face, and transfer them to the saucy little speaker. "It would be all the same, too, if we had the japonicas, and Mr. Annesley sent the roses.—What is it, Bessie?"

"Do come to dinner," said Mrs. Marks, who had finished piling the ham before her with well-cut slices, and was at leisure to observe that the leg of mutton, at the other end of the table, had ceased to steam. "Richard, you are surely warm by this time?"

"Moderately," said Mr. Marks, as he left the fire with a regretful sigh and went round to his seat, which had two comfortable sluices of air blowing upon it from two ill-fitting windows. After his short grace was finished, and he began to carve the leg of mutton, he observed the absence of Jack and Dick.

"So those young scamps are off to the pond again!" he said. "I wonder they don't kill themselves. Everybody seems pond-crazy! All Tallahoma has gone out on a general jollification."

"We are going, too, papa," cried Katy, eagerly. "Miss Tresham is going to take us this evening."

"Is she? Well, I'm sorry for Miss Tresham, then. I know you little ones have tormented her into it."

"No," said Miss Tresham, speaking for herself, "I shall really enjoy the walk. How far is it to the pond?"

"A good two miles," said Mr. Warwick. "Rough miles, too; so I would advise thick shoes and warm wrappings."

Dinner went off in short order; and, when it was over, the children ran for their cloaks and hoods without demanding the candy, which Mrs. Marks suggested should be taken along and feasted on beside the pond.

"Wrap up your best," said Mr. Warwick, with a smile, as the young governess rose to follow. "I shall stay here to see—and admire," he added, when the door had closed on her.—"What a pretty creature she is, Bessie!"

"And as good as she is pretty," said Mrs. Marks, enthusiastically. "The children love the very ground she walks on; and, if ever I had a lucky day in my life, it was the day I met Katharine Tresham."

The table was cleared off, draped with its bright-crimson cover, and wheeled into its accustomed corner; the last plate and goblet whisked away to the pantry, the fire replenished, the hearth swept, the cheery dining-room looking the cheeriest, when Katharine came in again.

She found Mr. Warwick the only occupant of the room—Mr. Marks having gone into town, and Mrs. Marks into the kitchen. It was that important era in housekeeping known as "hog-killing time," and the lard and the sausages absorbed Mrs. Marks almost as much as the pigtails and the roasting thereof distracted the children. Katharine was not surprised to find her gone, but she was surprised to see Mr. Warwick, who looked up from his newspaper as she entered.

"Ready?" said he. "I gave you thirty minutes, and you have only taken fifteen. Well—" with an amused glance from her bonnet to her shoes—"I think you can safely defy the weather."

"I think I am ridiculously wrapped up," answered she; "but panics are infectious. You have all been talking about the cold till I deluded myself into a belief that it must be Siberia; while the truth is, that I opened my window just before I came down, and it is absolutely pleasant."

"So much the better for your walk, then. But I think you'll change your mind when you are once out-of-doors."

Just here there was a rush in the passage outside, and the two little girls flashed into the room in their warm cloaks and bright-crimson hoods. Then came an outcry.

"Why, Miss Tresham's all ready, and we don't have to wait—how nice!"

"Katy, don't forget about the candy."

"Unky, please hand me down the candy."

"Do it up tight."

"Miss Tresham, please tie this knot. I can't get my gloves off."

"You little torment!" said Miss Tresham. "How can I do it when I have my own gloves on? Ask Mr. Warwick."

"Unky, please."

"I suspect Miss Tresham could do it better with gloves than I can without," said "unky."

But he tied the knot very deftly, nevertheless; and then slipped the package into his pocket, much to the astonishment of Katy and Sara, who raised a frightened cry of expostulation.

"Unky!"

"Oh, that's Indian-gift!"

But the Indian-giver turned quietly to the governess.

"May I go along, if I promise to show you the best road, and not to promote any disturbances?"

Katharine looked surprised.

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Warwick?"

"To be sure I am in earnest," said Mr. Warwick. "I came home for the purpose of taking these little ones out; but they will enjoy your company more than mine. Only, as I don't like to break up my day for nothing, may I go, too?"

"Of course, you may.—Children, do you hear? Your uncle is going with us."

The afternoon was dazzlingly bright when they went out into it; and Mr. Warwick was soon forced to acknowledge that Katharine's judgment of the temperature was better than his own. Being bright and still, the atmosphere had softened very much, and seemed to them almost mild as they walked in the full glow of the winter sun.

"This will be the last day of skating," said Mr. Warwick. "Indeed, I doubt if the ice is safe now. I think I shall stop Jack and Dick as soon as we get there."

"Even if the ice broke, is the water deep enough to drown anybody?" asked Katharine, to whom a mill-pond did not suggest any thing much to be feared.

"It is not less than twelve or fifteen feet in depth," said her companion. "I used to swim in it when I was a boy, and I know it well—besides, the waters are very full just now. On the whole, I think those young gentlemen had better rest on their laurels."

"If there is any danger, yes, indeed. But we can't stop them now; so please don't let us talk about it and make ourselves uncomfortable."

They did not. On the contrary, they talked of other things much more agreeable. Mr. Warwick could not help feeling that many a man might have envied him his position, and that there had seldom been a lighter form or a brighter face than the one now walking beside and smiling upon him; while Katharine, for her part, had never been one of the girls who can find little or nothing to say to a man who is not young enough or foolish enough to be converted into an admirer. Indeed, these two had been friends in a certain reserved but sincere fashion ever since the young governess entered the Marks household. She was often more nearly approaching the confidential with him than with any one else; and they fell into something of a personal strain now as they walked along the rough foot-path, and troubled themselves no more about the children than just to keep their crimson hoods in sight.

"Yes, I pity you," Mr. Warwick was saying, "and all the more because you don't seem to pity yourself. If you were discontented, probably I should not trouble myself to sympathize with you. But, as it is, I think very often that you have a hard lot for such a young person."

"Many people younger than I am have a much harder one," said Katharine, quietly. "Does that never occur to you? It always does to me."

"But not people who seem so essentially born and fitted for other things."

"What sort of things do you mean?"

"I think you know. Wealth, luxury, the appliances of refinement, the power of being generous—for I think you would be generous if you had the power—and of putting your talents to some better use than their present one."

A flush came over the girl's face as he spoke, but died away before he finished.

"That is the way my own vanity speaks to me sometimes," she said; "but I never listen to such suggestions. I go and get Dick's sum, or Sara's exercise, and drum away the phantom with the rule of three or the vocative case."

"But it comes back?"

"Yes, sometimes. Then there is nothing to be done but to face it boldly, and ask myself if I am really so weak and vain as to think myself better than the millions who have toiled to their lives' ends, more humble and more unknown than I am; if better talents than any of mine have not gone down into the dust soundless; and if"—her voice sank slightly here—"I am wiser than He who orders our lives for us from their beginning even to their end."

"And then?"

"And then I think that I cannot be sufficiently grateful for all the blessings my life has known; and I try to crush down the vanity and self-love which—let us disguise it as we may, is, after all, the root of most of our discontent. We think too highly of ourselves and our own deserts. If we would only try to recognize ourselves as we really are, we should feel so ashamed of our repining that I think we would be content ever afterward to take whatever God is good enough to give us, and leave the choice of good or bad fortune to Him."

"Do you speak from experience?"

She smiled a little.

"Can't you tell that? One reads such things in books, but one only learns them in one's own heart. It seems to me it is always easy to tell whether it has been read or learned."

Mr. Warwick did not reply; and they walked on silently for some time, no sound breaking the stillness save the echo of their own tread and the children's merry tones floating back through the clear air. Just here their road was through a pine-forest; the tall, straight trunks rose on every side; the deep, sombre green stretched away far as the eye could view; the golden sunshine streamed with a mellow brightness through the stately arcades; and, although there was only a slight breeze stirring the tree-tops, the sound above their heads was like the distant murmur of the sea. It put Katharine strangely in mind of the ocean; and, together with the soft carpet of pine-straw under their feet, and the aromatic fragrance of the forest around, came back to her afterward—recalling that afternoon, and giving its events a picture-like distinctness in her memory. At last Mr. Warwick said, thoughtfully:

"It is not even as if you had been born to this sort of thing."

"But I was born to it," she answered, quickly. "All my life I knew that some day I must earn my own bread. That was the reason why my aunt—my dear, kind aunt—was so careful to educate me thoroughly. She could give me nothing besides an education."

Almost before he had time to consider the incivility of the question, Mr. Warwick had asked "Why?"

"Because she was an officer's widow, and her pension ended with her life," Katharine answered. "But, while she lived, I had a very happy time—and, after that, it did not matter."

Her voice choked, as she uttered the last words; and her companion did not need to glance at her, to know why she drew down her veil so hastily. He gave her time to recover herself, and then said, kindly:

"Courage. Remember how young you are. Happiness may come to you yet, in the form you like best."

"And what is that form?"

He shrugged his shoulders slightly, as he had a habit of doing over any knotty point of legal evidence.

"I may be mistaken, but it seems to me you would like best the happiness that could give you all those things of which you have so keen an appreciation—pictures, music, amusement, and the admiration which all women value so highly."

"I certainly like all those things," said Katharine, with a little sigh; "but I assure you, I can live without them and be happy too. No, Mr. Warwick, you have not hit upon the one great gift which Happiness must bring in her hand when she comes to me—or else not be happiness at all."

Mr. Warwick looked at her intently. Did she mean Morton Annesley's love, he wondered. If so, why did she speak of it thus frankly to him? It was not like Katharine Tresham to do so. "Tell me what it is?" he asked.

The clear, gray eyes—pure and truthful as God's noonday—met his own, as she answered, quietly: "It is the gift of peace."

After that, nothing was said for several minutes. Katy came dancing back with a spray of holly which was duly admired, and which, at her request, Katharine fastened in her brooch. Then, after she ran forward again, Mr. Warwick spoke:

"Miss Tresham, I am going to say something which may seem impertinent, but which, I trust, you will take as it is meant—in simple kindness. I have noticed, for some time past, that you have not been quite yourself, that you have grown thin, that your spirits are less even than heretofore, and that some trouble is evidently preying upon you. Is not this so?"

Katharine caught her breath, paling perceptibly. "I hoped no one had noticed it," she said.

"I am sure I may safely say that no one but myself has done so," he answered. "I am a very close observer—Nature gave me the habit, and my profession has taught me its importance—but you are a very good dissembler. The trifles in which you have betrayed yourself were light as air; but the driftwood shows the direction of the current, you know. I did not need to hear what you said a moment ago, to convince me that something is wrong with you. If it is any thing ideal, I can do nothing for you; but if it is any practical trouble, such as comes to us all sooner or later, why, I trust you believe me to be your friend."

"Yes," she said, simply; "I am glad to believe it."

"And I am glad to hear you say so; for I have watched you closely, ever since you entered my sister's house, and I have never yet known you to trifle with truth. That, first, made me like you, I think—for, of all virtues, it is at once the greatest and the rarest. If you believe me to be your friend, there is not much more to add. A woman—even a woman as brave as you are—is such a helpless creature in the world, that she is often made to suffer acutely through her weakness and her ignorance. In any emergency, therefore, I hope you will remember that my services are at your command."

"Thank you," said Katharine, lifting her face toward him, with a grateful light shining over it. "You are very kind, and there is no one to whom I would as soon go. But—" she paused a moment, and added, slowly—"I must bear my burden alone."

He turned and looked at her. The light had faded, and the young face seemed to have hardened into a self-contained power of endurance. The mouth was set, the eyes were resolute, and, as she met his glance, she repeated her words in the same tone:

"I must bear my burden alone."

"I cannot help you?"

"No. You are very good; but only He who laid it on me can take it away."

Again they walked on silently; and the lawyer felt half inclined to indulge in his quiet, cynical shrug. "It is Annesley, after all," he thought. "What a fool I was to suppose it could be any thing else—and a still greater fool to make such an offer! The very pine-trees might afford to laugh at the idea of my playing *confidant* and consoler in a love-affair!"

Then he glanced at the face beside him, and felt again a sudden conviction that it was *not* Annesley—not any cross in love, or ordinary heart-disaster—which brought such a look of suffering and resolve to those earnest eyes. An impulse hardly to be accounted for, and not at all to be analyzed, made him suddenly extend his hand, and place it on Katharine's arm.

"One word more," he said. "You are entirely unprotected by any friend or relative; this fact must excuse the request I am about to make. Will you promise to come to me if you ever stand in greater need than you do at present of service or advice?"

Katharine paused and looked at him wistfully. "Mr. Warwick," she said at last, "I cannot promise what I am never likely to perform."

"You mean—?"

"I mean what I said before—that I can only carry my burden to God, and He only can release me from it."

The keen lawyer-glance regarded her earnestly—searching, perhaps, for some shadow of shame or fear—but it only found a steady dignity on the pale face, and an open candor in the eyes that looked brave enough to face death itself unflinchingly.

"You are strong—for a woman," he said, after a while; "but your hour of weakness may come. I hope you will remember, then, that my offer still holds good."

"Yes," she answered, quietly, "I will remember it with gratitude."

There was nothing more to be said. They resumed their walk, and, after a minute, fell into other topics—talking until they caught a glimpse of frozen water shining through the trees, and Katy called out, joyfully:

"Here we are! here's the pond!"

"Here is the pond, certainly; but here are not the skaters," said Mr. Warwick, glancing over the sheet of water which lay all silent and glittering before them. "They must be lower down—ah! yes, I see them now. This way, Miss Tresham."

He led the way around a small headland, for the outline of the pond was very irregular, and a picturesque scene burst suddenly upon them—a scene vivid with color, and bright with animated motion, set in the midst of the winter landscape. This portion of the pond was alive with skaters in every stage of proficiency and non-proficiency. One or two seemed at home on their skates, a few managed to keep their feet and move with a tolerable degree of ease; but the vast majority were hopelessly sliding about, and ignominiously falling down every other minute, to their own discomfiture and the immense amusement of the spectators on the shore. These spectators were not by any means contemptible in point of numbers, for three large fires were blazing as only lightwood can blaze, and grouped around and about each were knots of young people, children, and servants. In the background stood several empty carriages, and quite a goodly array of horses. Camp-stools and baskets abounded, bright shawls were laid over the roots of trees to form impromptu easy-chairs, gay scarfs and hoods dangled from the boughs, the golden sunshine streamed over all with a glory and beauty entirely its own, and the majestic forest stretched around in its solemn grandeur.

Katy and Sara darted forward, while Miss Tresham and Mr. Warwick followed more slowly toward the nearest fire. As they approached, two ladies and two gentlemen, who were standing directly in front of it, drew back, and Katharine found herself facing Mrs. French, Miss Vernon, Mr. Annesley, and a stranger whom she had never seen. Neither of the ladies noticed her, excepting by a stare—well-bred on Miss Vernon's part, ill-bred on Mrs. French's—but Morton bowed as if to a *grande dame*, and the other gentleman gave a glance of the most undisguised admiration.

"What a pretty woman, Annesley!" Katharine heard him say, after she had passed. "It can't possibly be one of the Tallahoma belles."

Annesley's reply was inaudible; but its tenor was easily to be surmised, from the long "Whew!" which was his companion's comment, and which, evidently, would not have been the only one if Mrs. French had not broken in.

"Quite a nice person, too, I have heard—that is, for her position. She has something of good style about her, don't you think so, Irene? I wonder where she got that pelisse—the cut of it is excellent. But look at the fur on it—real sable, my dear, as sure as you live. What very bad taste—for her!"

"Why for her, Adela?" asked the bluff, frank tones that were certainly not Morton's. "Why shouldn't she wear a pretty thing as well as other women? I suspect she needs all the consolation that pelisses and furs can give her."

"Don't talk so loud, Frank, and don't be so silly," was the unceremonious reply. "People ought to dress according to their rank in life, or else what's the good of there being ranks in life? For my part, when I see anybody dressed so absurdly, I feel as if I never wanted to put on a handsome thing again."

"I wish you would stay of that mind," laughed the gentleman. And Katharine felt certain that he was the legal possessor of all Mrs. French's pretty toilets, and all Mrs. French's long bills!

"Shall we go over to the next fire?" asked Mr. Warwick, whose face looked amused and contemptuous both at once. "I think it is better than this."

Katharine assented, and they moved away, just as Miss Vernon's clear tones sounded with quite a bell-like distinctness.

"I think a pretty woman has a right to adorn her beauty to the utmost of her power, wherever she may be placed. That is one right of the sex for which I shall always be an advocate, Adela."

"But the working-classes, Irene—"

"We are not speaking of the working-classes," interrupted the other, with a very cool disdain in her voice. "We are speaking of a member of a liberal profession, I thought. I hear that Miss Tresham is very charming, and for a long time I have had a fancy to know her.—Mr. Annesley, you are a friend of hers; will you introduce me?"

"With pleasure, Miss Vernon," said Morton, coloring quickly. "I shall be very glad to do so, if you are in earnest."

"Of course I am in earnest.—Adela, won't you come also?"

"I?" Mrs. French drew back in astonishment. "Irene, you are surely jesting—you are surely not going to be introduced to Mrs. Marks's governess?"

"You will see," said Irene, with a slight nod and a merry laugh. "Carry her to the carriage if she faints, Frank.—Mr. Annesley, may I take your arm?"

CHAPTER X.—THE GORDON PLAID.

The latter part of this conversation Katharine had not heard. She had moved away to the other fire, and was talking to Mr. Warwick about Jack's skating. So her surprise was entirely unaffected when Annesley's voice spoke her name, and, turning, she saw him standing close beside her, with a beautiful, golden-haired vision leaning on his arm.

"Miss Tresham," he said, hurriedly, "allow me to present Miss Vernon. She is anxious to make your acquaintance, and—"

"Hopes you do not object to having it taken by storm," interrupted Miss Vernon, offering her hand. "You must excuse me, if this is an unceremonious proceeding, Miss Tresham; but I am very anxious to know you, and I hope you do not object to knowing me."

It would have been hard to do so under the influence of that gracious smile—for Irene Vernon could be very gracious when she chose—and Katharine answered, with her usual simplicity of word and tone:

"You do me too much honor, Miss Vernon. I am very glad to know you."

"Are you?" asked Miss Vernon. "Is not that speech a mere effort of courtesy?"

"It may be an effort of courtesy," answered Katharine, smiling; "but it is true, also."

"Then I may congratulate myself upon making a favorable impression for once in my life," said the young lady. "People don't usually like me when they first know me; in fact, some of them don't ever like me at all."

"Don't they?" said Katharine, amused at this frank confession. "That is strange; for I should think you would always be liked."

"Are you always liked?"

"Well—really, I don't know. But I think I am rather popular—at least with these." And she laid her hand on Katy's curly head.

"Their good-will is not worth much," said Miss Vernon, carelessly. "It is so cheap—a few sugar-plums will buy it."

"And won't different sugar-plums buy the good-will of older people just as easily?" asked Morton, abruptly.

"So you have turned cynic!" said Miss Vernon, glancing round at him. "I thought you left that to me."

"Don't slander my favorite objects of trust, then," answered he, laughing. "I must believe in children, or in nobody.—Katy, don't you mean to come and kiss me?"

While Katy, nowise loath, went to bestow this favor, Miss Vernon turned with a shrug to her new acquaintance.

"I wonder if he thinks that child would like him if he were poor and ugly?"

"She likes me," said Katharine, smiling, "and I am neither rich nor beautiful."

"You are lovable, though, and that is better than either," said Miss Vernon, with a slight sigh.

Katharine looked up in surprise; but, before she could answer this unexpected compliment, the young lady had turned to Mr. Warwick, and was asking him if he meant to skate.

"I?" he said, laughing. "What have I done, Miss Vernon, that you should suspect me of such an indiscretion?"

"You have worn a pair of skates, Mr. Warwick; for I heard Mrs. Raynor say this morning that John Warwick—isn't your name John?—was the only person she ever saw who seemed at home on the ice."

"Twenty-five years ago, the compliment may have been merited; but I hardly think I need blush for it now."

"Have you forgotten how to skate?"

"I don't know. I have not attempted it since I was a boy."

"Ah, pray try!" said the young lady, with the air of one who was not accustomed to ask favors in vain. "I never saw skating before, and I am so anxious to see at least one good skater!"

"You would see a very poor one, if I were so foolish as to expose my awkwardness," said Mr. Warwick, smiling.

"Who can skate, then? None of those people out yonder can, unless skating is a very ugly thing."

"Annesley ought to," said Mr. Warwick, glancing at that gentleman, who had drawn near and was talking to Katharine. "He spent four years at a German university, and they learn skating as well as metaphysics there."

Miss Vernon turned to Morton, as if intending to speak, and then as hastily turned back again.

"He would not thank us for disturbing him now," she said. "Look at those people out yonder, and tell me who you think gives most promise of learning to skate."

Her companion looked as she directed, and at once singled out a child with floating, blond curls and a plaid scarf, the fringed ends of which fluttered in the wind as he skimmed along the ice.

"I cannot tell from here who it is, but there is no one else to compare with him," answered Mr. Warwick. "He skates as if he had been born in Russia."

"And don't you know who he is?" cried his companion, eagerly. "Why, I thought everybody knew him! That is the little Gordon—don't you see? He looks as if he might have been born in the purple."

Mr. Warwick said, "Indeed!" And then they both watched the elfin skater, who only a few minutes before had made his appearance on the ice. He was, indeed, without peer; the very spirit of grace seemed to animate his motions, and his skating was such as is never seen out of a northern latitude, and of which the inhabitants of southern latitudes can form, at best, but a faint conception. The lithe young figure was so slenderly fashioned, and every movement of every limb was so harmonious with the spirit of the whole, that, aided by the floating curls and waving scarf, it almost looked as if the wind wafted him over the ice. He soon became fully aware of his own skill, and began to indulge in vagaries quite impossible to the novice in this slippery amusement. He made wide circles, then swooped suddenly upon some knot of inexperienced amateurs, scattering them to the right and left out of his path, and generally leaving two or three prostrate behind him; he seized the hand of some unlucky trembler, and carried him forward at a rate which soon left him breathless in a waste of ice, with no hope of return, his malicious guide having taken flight to another quarter; he snatched some half-dozen hats, and made for the centre of the pond, scattering them broadcast on his way; he indulged in solitary waltzes and ballet-like *pirouettes;* he played a thousand antics for his own amusement and that of the many eyes watching him; and then he suddenly darted away down the pond.

"Oh, I hope he is not going out of sight!" said Miss Vernon, with a very genuine tone of regret. "I never saw any thing more beautiful. Do, somebody, make him come back. Mr. Annesley, I believe he is under your charge—please speak to him."

"Speak—to whom?" asked Mr. Annesley, turning. "I beg your pardon, Miss Vernon, but I did not hear—has Felix been doing any thing?"

Miss Vernon replied by pointing to the slender figure and floating scarf which were already vanishing round the headland. "You are the only person whom he has not been entertaining," she said.

"Good Heavens!" cried Annesley, "and I promised his mother that he should not venture on the ice! How could I have been so careless!—Felix, come back! Felix!—don't you hear?"

Felix paused a moment, as the clear voice came ringing over the ice; showed that he heard, by waving his hand with a gesture of gay defiance, and then showed that he did not mean to heed, by coolly continuing his onward course. In another moment he had vanished from sight around the jutting point of land.

Miss Vernon laughed—she evidently sympathized with the bravery of this open rebellion—while Mrs. French, who was standing by, shrugged her shoulders significantly.

"People can't manage to conduct a flirtation and take care of a child at the same time," she said to her husband, in a tone sufficiently audible for Morton to hear.

But Morton took no notice of the remark. He only turned round to the by-standers, and asked if anybody could lend him a pair of skates.

Unfortunately, nobody was able to do so. Skates were very scarce articles, and whoever was so fortunate as to own a pair, lent them to his friends by turns—an arrangement which resulted in the temporary possessor being worried out of all his enjoyment by two or three impatient candidates who wanted to know "if he meant to keep agoing all day, or if he didn't mean to give anybody else a chance to do some skating?" Therefore, all shook their heads when Morton made his request, and several voices replied that Tom Jones had a pair of skates, but that Frank Smith was using them.

"What do you want to do, Mr. Annesley?" Katharine asked.

"I want to go after the little scamp," Annesley replied. "I ought to have paid more attention to him; but how could I think of his playing me such a trick, when he knew, too, that only my persuasion induced his mother to let him come?"

"This is very ungrateful conduct, then."

"Is it not?—Katy, run yonder to that knoll, and see if he is coming back."

Katy obeyed, bounding up on the rising ground at the headland, where a stately group of young pines stood like sentinels; and, in a few minutes, returned with the intelligence that he was coming back.

"You will not need to go, after all," said Miss Vernon to Annesley.

"That remains to be seen," he answered. "I don't much think he will come to shore of his own accord.—Thank you, Price." This to a young man who handed him a pair of skates over two or three intervening shoulders. Then, while he sat down to buckle them on, Felix came bearing back into sight—a more beautiful picture than ever, all alone in his childish grace on the glittering expanse of ice.

"Oh, the little darling!" cried several enthusiastic young ladies; while the boys of all ages stared in open-mouthed, admiring wonder of his skill.

"Is he coming to shore?" asked Morton, who could not see, partly because he was sitting on the ground, and partly because several people were standing before him. Two or three voices answered the question—not very satisfactorily.

"I think so."

"No, he isn't."

"There he goes—he's off again."

"That's splendid! That is skating!"

"He's bound up the pond this time."

"Yes," said Katharine, to whom Morton looked inquiringly. "He certainly has no intention of coming to the shore. He is going up the pond at a rapid rate."

"It's a pity somebody can't make him come back," said a man's voice near. "All skating is something of a risk to-day; but the ice is very unsafe in that direction."

"Are you sure of that, Mr. Mills?" asked Morton, starting to his feet.

"Very sure, sir," answered Mr. Mills, gravely. "My wagon was hauling ice from there this morning, and I don't think it would have borne the weight of a man then."

Morton made no answer, but Katharine saw that he changed color, and immediately swung himself down the bank, which happened to be quite high just there. The next minute he was gliding over the ice with a swift, steady ease of movement which proved his own proficiency quite equal to that of Felix. A chorus of admiration followed him; but the young man evidently heard none of it. He was bending every nerve in pursuit of the gay little will-o'-the-wisp who fleeted forward all the faster when he perceived that a chase had been instituted. Away went the two figures up the pond, the pursuer steadily gaining on the pursued, and both nearing fast the dangerous ice of which Mr. Mills had spoken. Once Annesley paused and uttered something half-warning, half-command; but the young insurgent paid no attention to it, and the only result was that it lost Morton several yards of distance. When he started again, however, he seemed scarcely to touch the ice, and the interest of the spectators had reached a very exciting point when a cry of mingled dismay and triumph rose from a knot of boys on the water's edge.

"He's got him!"

"No, he hasn't!"

"Hurrah! He's slipped away!"

"Well done, little one!"

And Katharine looked in time to see Felix dart out of the grasp Morton laid on him, and, shooting under the outstretched arm, skate away faster than ever, leaving only his scarf as trophy in the disappointed captor's hands.

"Well done, indeed!" cried Miss Vernon, with a ringing laugh of enjoyment. "I am so glad he got away. I should be so sorry if it ended. It is better than horse-racing, and I adore that! Who will make a bet?—Adela, will you?"

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. French, severely. "I think it is disgusting. Morton ought to have more dignity than to make such an exhibition of himself. I really think—"

But Miss Vernon was already speaking to Katharine.

"Miss Tresham, will you? As many pairs of gloves as you please on the Gordon plaid."

"Do you mean Mr. Annesley?" asked Katharine, laughing. "He has the Gordon plaid at present."

"No, indeed; I mean on the rightful owner of the Gordon plaid. Bless his brave little heart! Where is he now?"

"Yonder he is," said Mr. Warwick, who was standing by, a quiet and much-interested spectator. "But Annesley is gaining very fast upon him; so perhaps you had better not register your bet just at present. See! he almost laid hold of him. There, now he has doubled again. After all, you may—my God!"

A sudden wild cry from Mrs. French—a murmur of horror from the crowd—and out on the ice, where there had been two figures a moment before, only one.

This was a terror-stricken child, while, where the ice had broken through, there still floated one fringed end of the Gordon plaid. On the shore, a rush, a commotion, a sound of many voices, and a lady in violent hysterics.

Katharine never knew much of what ensued. She heard Mr. Warwick's tones take the lead, and bring some quiet out of the uproar; she saw a confused mass of men and boys dash across the ice with a reckless disregard of danger, and she sat down sick and shuddering to await the result.

Miss Vernon sat down by her. Neither said any thing, yet there is no doubt that each was conscious of the presence of the other. Mr. French, meanwhile, had left his wife to get out of her hysterics as best she could, and had gone to the rescue with the rest; so, finding nobody to take any notice of her, she somewhat subsided, and stood sobbing and asking questions which it was impossible for any one to answer yet.

To those watchers on the shore it seemed hours, but it was in reality only a short time before the many strong arms which broke up the ice and buffeted the water so bravely gained their reward—before they raised to the surface and bore shoreward, with a rush of triumph, that which seemed so awfully still and white when they laid it down at Katharine Tresham's feet.

They said it was not Death, but she could scarcely believe it was Life, when she looked at the pale face with the wet hair clinging round it, and at those rigid hands which still grasped the silken scarf.

But, even while she looked, there came a long, gurgling sigh through the half-parted lips—the lids slowly lifted—the dark eyes gazed up at her pitying countenance as if in a bewildered dream—and her name was spoken with that tender, yearning accent which would make any name of earth beautiful.

"Katharine!"

Then, before she could utter one word, they closed again, and Mr. Warwick said:

"He has fainted!"

A little while later, after Mr. Annesley was sufficiently recovered to thank his rescuers, to answer all the inquiries of his friends, to enter his carriage, and be driven home, Mr. Warwick came up to Katharine, and asked her if she felt inclined to perform a deed of charity.

"It depends a good deal upon the amount of exertion required," she answered, with a smile. "I am a little tired. But let me hear what it is."

He pointed to Felix, who stood at a little distance the centre of an admiring group, and quite as nonchalant as ever.

"I promised Morton to take that young gentleman home, and to give as mild a rendering of his exploit as is at all consistent with truth. But I begin to doubt my diplomatic ability. I think you could do him more service than I; and, in short, I want you to take the matter off my hands. Will you?"

Katharine looked slightly aghast.

"Mr. Warwick, I would be glad to oblige you, but—but I am a mere stranger—and *Morton House!*"

"That is the very reason why I ask you," said Mr. Warwick, coolly. "Considering all things, I think a mere stranger might be more welcome in Morton House than an old acquaintance like myself. Will you go?"

She hesitated a minute longer. Then, remembering what might be his reason for wishing to avoid Mrs. Gordon, answered quickly:

"Yes, if you think I can do any good, I will go."

"If you cannot, I am sure it will be for the first time," he answered, smiling. "Yonder comes the carriage which Annesley promised to send back, so you see you have no time to change your mind. Let me put you in, and see you off. Then I will take the children home."

He put her in, called Felix and presented him, closed the door, watched them drive away, and never thought, until long afterward, that he was the direct means of first bringing Katharine Tresham under the roof of Morton House.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DUCHESS DE BERRI.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEORGE HILTL.

THE sun struggled vainly through the rising vapors of a misty summer morning, and the sky wore that dull-red tint which always foretells intense heat.

Peasants in their *sabots* hurried along the road from Paimbœuf to Nantes, in the more endurable early hours, thus trying to avoid the later heat so surely foretold.

Men, women, and children, gayly travelled onward, but among the laughing, merry crowd were two young girls, who seemed to give more than careless glances to the passing throng.

They wore the costume of the country, consisting of a woollen petticoat, high blue apron, and jacket with loose sleeves.

But even a passing look at the graceful contour, delicate hands, and small feet of the young women, showed them to be very different from their companions. And, though even the sabots were not wanting to complete their costume, yet despite their efforts to appear accustomed to them, one could easily perceive that the girls were not used to walk in such clogs.

"Stella"—at last one of them softly said—"I cannot walk; these clumps on my feet hinder me;" and, without waiting for a reply, she sat on a little mound near by, and pulled off her heavy shoes and coarse stockings.

"Do you intend to walk barefooted?" inquired her companion.

"Certainly, for I have known worse roads," she answered, sadly, "and they have not given me an easy life, I assure you."

Then both walked on in silence for some time, though they heard many a rude word and gay jest spoken at their expense.

At last an old man laughingly said, "Well, I will swear that yonder girl never worked much in the field—for just look at her feet!"

"Silver-foot—silver-foot!" shouted the young men in chorus.

"God help us—we have betrayed ourselves!" said the one to whom the words were addressed.

"I fear that we are in some trouble," replied her companion, "for no peasant ever owned such white feet."

"That is true—but come with me," said the girl, and she walked swiftly to the river-bank, where she grimed her feet with mud.

"They will think them sunburnt," she added, as she again commenced her journey.

Thus the day wore on, the heat steadily increasing, and several miles yet to traverse ere Nantes is reached. But our peasants bravely trudge on, for no clumsy sabots impede their light, graceful steps. They laugh and chat with the women, for they are interested in the talk of the crowd. To-day is the great fair in the city, and, as the distant spires appear, the throng grows denser; and here the girl shrinks again, for about this part of the road the pavement commences, and the sharp stones hurt her bare little feet.

Then she sits down, and once more puts on the woollen stockings and heavy shoes. An old peasant-woman, seeing her, cried:

"Look! that's a smart girl! And, see, Fanchon," she said, turning to her daughter, "the good child wanted to save her shoes and stockings, so she walked without them, and now, before entering the city, she puts them on again.—You have done well, child!" and the old woman smiled approvingly.

The girl laughed as she met her companion's eyes, and they both walked on.

As they approach the bridge, they hear the sound of drums, and a detachment of infantry comes from the city. An officer on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant staff, leads the troops, and, as he glances around, suddenly reins in his horse, for he remarks the girls.

Again he observes them, and not with the careless tribute to beauty—for his face is stern, as he shakes his head, and spurs on his steed, never once looking back.

One of the girls pauses here, for she has met that gaze with daring, defying eyes that seemed to say:

"Here I am; arrest me if you are brave enough!"

But, when the officer passed, she breathed a long sigh of relief, and whispered to her companion: "He has recognized me, but did not betray me—I will not forget it." Then she crossed the bridge—but what can it mean?—for here are sentinels at the gate, patrols in the streets, soldiers at the end of the bridge!

"Come, children!" calls an old woman, tugging at a heavy basket of apples. "Here, lend me a hand!"

The two girls help her to raise the basket to her shoulder.

"Well, mother," said one, "I think that you might at least give us two apples!"

The old woman gave to each an apple. "Oh! how refreshing after this long walk!" said one, as she bit the nice fruit.

She was standing inside the gate, and, as she looked up, saw a large placard: "État de Siége!" is written in huge letters, and now they know that martial law is declared in Nantes—therefore the sentinels, the soldiers, and the oppressive quiet.

"For my sake," said one of the girls, with tears in her eyes, "for the sake of the oppressed, do not stop here."

Vendée, Maine, Loire, and Deux-sevres, are under martial law.

She looks up at the placard, and frowns.

Again her companion entreats her to leave. "Every moment you are in danger!" she urged; but the girl will not stir till she has read the proclamation to the end.

Then she puts her hand in her companion's arm, and goes bravely on—on through the streets and by-ways till they reach the "Haute du Château."

A solitary house at last ends their journey; they ring the bell, the door opens, and they enter the hall.

Two ladies and several gentlemen meet them—the ladies kneel as they murmur: "May God bless your advent! We are happy to welcome your royal highness here."

Then Marie Caroline, Duchess de Berri, extends her hands to raise her friends, and, after embracing them, proceeds with her faithful companion of the morning, Stella of Kersabiec, to a comfortable chamber prepared for her reception. At last she is rescued—saved! For the peasant who trod the dusty road, through all the scorching heat of that morning, was the wife of that idolized Duc de Berri, who was cruelly slain by Louvel in the lobby of the Grand Opera. The life of the duchess was now completely changed, for the excitement of continued danger gave place to the peace and rest most refreshing to her.

The house was stanch and comfortable, and, though simple, appeared homelike to the poor, tired wanderer. High windows looked down upon the castle gardens, and in the distance the shining Loire wound through rich meadows.

Among the rooms appropriated to the duchess, was one on the third floor, which seemed especially intended for those in trouble. This little apartment was literally only an attic closet; but its location and construction marked it as a resort in times of danger. And this had in reality been its glorious use in 1793, when the butcher Carrier held his bloody rule in Nantes.

The chimney of this small room formed, or rather compassed, an interior apartment, which was separated from the little chamber by an iron mantel. This mantel could be pushed aside by means of a spring, which also closed it; and, concealing the chimney-piece still more successfully, hung a curtain which apparently fell only in front of rubbish.

The inner apartment was five feet square, admitting neither air nor light, and, as it was known to but few, would afford safety in time of danger.

During her residence here, Marie Caroline was not idle; for she felt the necessity of continued exertion. Her correspondence with the legitimists was very extensive, and she looked with longing eyes to a great European war.

Antwerp might possibly become the apple of discord, and in imagination she saw the enemies of France approach her frontiers. Enthusiastic Vendéeans and Bretons surrounded her, waving the white banner and defeating her foes.

For this dream she toiled incessantly, and nine hundred letters to all parts of Europe, written by her own hand, attest her tireless energy. She used twenty-five different ciphers, and the white ink with which she wrote hurt her eyes. Though obliged to remain a prisoner in her asylum, yet in thought she was everywhere, for her active mind chafed at the inactivity to which she was condemned. Love for her son inspired her with strength, nerving every effort; for, despite her apparent security, she frequently felt an anxiety that amounted almost to presentiment. At such times she would leave her own apartments, and seek her kind, faithful friends, the ladies Duguigney; but, even when among them, the slightest noise alarmed her, and the mere approach of soldiers made her fear attack. But at length she felt that her enemies must be tired of persecuting her, for the last smouldering of domestic strife had been extinguished in La Vendée, the last of the revolutionists had been quelled, and the troops of the government were now in possession of all suspected places. The ministry were, however, still watchful, for they looked to the future.

Notwithstanding the strictest search, the police had lost track of the royal fugitive, and she could not in any way be traced. In France she certainly was, perhaps even in La Vendée. The Paris detectives suspected that she was in Nantes; but here she eluded their endeavors, and they were puzzled what to do. At this time Maurice Duval was talked of as Prefect of Nantes, and a man called on him, offering his services. This person had been sent on a secret mission to Portugal, and his name was Simon Deutz. Born a Jew, he had materially injured himself by abjuring the old faith of his fathers at Rome, be-

cause the change seemed only impelled by selfish motives. Cappellare was his patron at this period, and, as this Italian looked forward to the chair of St. Peter, Deutz felt that as a Catholic his future was assured.

At Turin, on his way to Rome, he made the acquaintance of De Cachy, by whom he was invited to Massa, and there, in February, 1832, was this adventurer presented to the Duchess de Berri. Fatal acquaintance!

At this time Deutz was also introduced to the principal legitimists —Bourmond, Mesnard, Saint-Priest, and Kergolay. Seeming to favor their cause, he became an enthusiastic admirer of the duchess, and was at once admitted to her confidence. Also without means, and appearing to need assistance, the duchess sold a costly ring in order to help him, for she had no ready cash. Receiving six thousand livres for this jewel, she at once placed the money at his disposal, and, accepting the princely alms, Deutz embarked for Spain.

. . . . . .

M. de Montalivet's private office is on the first floor of the Department of the Interior. He has finished his daily work, and is reading from the *Moniteur* the usual articles in favor of the administration, when he is interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who hands him a card.

"Show the gentleman in," said Montalivet.

And a man in black entered. His face was gloomy and repulsive, and his manner so painfully shy that his friends in Massa liked to excuse his embarrassment by attributing it to the awkwardness of the scholar. But Montalivet did not trouble himself about such trifles, if the person could be made useful; so he drew a chair for the stranger, saying:

"You have already spoken to M. Duval, and written to me, M. Deutz."

"I prefer to treat with ministers, your excellency, and not with former excise-officers."

The minister bowed.

"This is quite natural; but what can you do for us?"

"Did you receive my letter?"

"I did. But you speak very generally of the plans of the legitimists, and also of the necessity of preserving France from the horrors of civil war. All this is very fine; but it has been repeated so often!"

"Hem!" said Deutz. "Do you not think that I know a great deal about the plans of the legitimists?"

"Of course, you were at the court at Massa. You have been sent to Dom Miguel to conclude a loan for the party of the young prince."

Deutz appeared perfectly unconcerned.

"Therefore, I know every thing," he said. "I know la Berri very well."

Montalivet started.

"How—" he exclaimed.

"Excellency," interrupted Deutz, "do not hesitate with me, for I intend to deliver the duchess into your hands."

Montalivet jumped from his chair.

"How—you?"

"I intend to deliver the duchess into your hands," repeated Deutz.

Montalivet now grew more controlled and communicative, and after half an hour's conversation Deutz obtained his entire confidence. The minister then thought the whole affair settled; but he reckoned without his host, for his associates, even including the king, were not inclined to consent to the arrest of the duchess. Would not such an act cause great embarrassment?

The rebellion was suppressed; therefore, what could they do with her? If she were not tried, they would be exposed to the most odious suspicions and attacks. Then, again, before what court could she be arraigned? Of whom must it be composed? Of the peers of France. The widow of the man whom France adored before the same court that had condemned his murderer, Louvel!

If brought before a jury, what then? Legitimists would acquit, republicans condemn. How was the government to act? Both alternatives were perplexing; therefore it was better for her to remain where she was till a more favorable occasion presented itself.

That opportunity soon arrived. On the 11th of October the ministry was changed, and Thiers, who replaced Montalivet, was very desirous of arranging the interior affairs of the kingdom satisfactorily, for the foreign relations of France were most threatening on account of the siege of Antwerp.

There was some danger of a second restoration rising from behind the walls of that fortress defended by Chassé; and, if the Dutch were victors, then Marie Caroline might leave her retreat, and wave again the red torch of war.

Thiers felt that he had a mission to accomplish, and it was the arrest of this woman. He therefore sought to reopen communications with Deutz; but the latter was unwilling to treat with Thiers, whose manners were decidedly less agreeable to him than those of Montalivet.

But the ex-minister was generous, and he brought Deutz in his own carriage to Thiers.

The next step was to give Duval the prefecture of Nantes. Deutz followed him under the name of Monsieur Hyacinthe, accompanied by the detective Joly, invested with full power from the minister. Thiers was shrewd, and wisely concluded that if a man could renounce his religion from selfish motives, and could betray his benefactress for a consideration, of course he required the closest attention, for such a person was quite capable of cheating a minister; therefore Joly was constituted his shadow.

. . .

A dark night settled over Nantes; the streets were deserted, and quiet reigned, excepting when the cry of the sentinel echoed in the distance.

The drawing-room on the first floor in the rue Haute du Château was prepared for visitors. Two large lamps burned on the table, and a cheerful fire crackled in the chimney. The curtains were drawn, the shutters closed, and a pleasant warmth pervaded the room. But two persons occupied this apartment, and these were the Duchess de Berri and Count Mesnard. They were conversing in an animated tone, when the clock upon the mantel struck. The duchess started at the sound. "This is the hour," she said; "will he deceive us?"

"Indeed, I do not think an interview prudent—for, what Bourmond objects, I subscribe. It is not at all impossible for an agent of Maurice Duval to assume the name of our friend Deutz, and thus gain access to your presence."

"I am sure," said Marie Caroline, "that we have used every precaution, for I am dressed as though I had just arrived from a journey; therefore the feigned Deutz will not suspect that here is my refuge. Besides, I intend to step behind yonder screen when the stranger enters, and I shall expect you to receive him. If we discover that he is not Deutz, then I will not appear; but you can speak to him alone."

At that moment the door-bell rung. "It is he!" they whispered.

Steps were now heard in the adjoining room, and the duchess had barely time to conceal herself, when Simon Deutz entered.

Count Mesnard received him, saying: "It is indeed yourself, Deutz—and my fears were groundless."

"Did you really fear?"

"Certainly; for, could not a traitor use your name? In fact, I did not think it impossible for the letters to be stolen."

Deutz smiled. "Experience has made you suspicious, and I cannot blame you."

At this moment a noise was heard behind the screen, and the duchess approached.

"Here I am, dear Deutz," she said, giving him her hand.

The traitor could not conceal his embarrassment, and visibly trembled as he held her hand within his own. Then her frank, kindly voice pierced his heart, and, traitor as he was, he hesitated. His brain reeled, and he turned to a chair for support.

"Sit down," she said, pitying his agitation—"sit down, my friend, and recover yourself; for this interview marks indeed a solemn hour for all."

Deutz soon regained his self-control, and, once more himself, felt that the greatest coolness was required.

In one particular he had failed, and this was in learning whether the duchess had provided herself with a place of concealment.

"Go first," she said to him, "for I must wait some moments before I leave the house, or we might be seen together."

With these words she ended the interview, and Deutz was forced to leave; so he kissed her hand and departed.

But he did not go very far from the house, for he wished to be

sure of her exit; therefore he loitered within the shadows of the opposite building.

She did not appear, and he was puzzled. Had she slipped out by a back door, or was she still in the house?—But time sped, and Deutz walked away, for Duval was eagerly awaiting his news.

The 6th of November arrived, and Deutz again wended his way to the street "Haute du Château." His step is hurried, and he looks neither to the right nor to the left, but directly toward the house, which marks his grand aim. He trembles less some mischance may deprive him of his prey. For days he has lived in an excitement so feverish, that the hope of success has made him imprudent.

"In a week they will speak much of me," he boasted at his *table d'hôte*.

The day before, two letters from the duchess came to him, and these formed a good pretext for his present visit. This time he is shown into a small room, where he finds the duchess alone.

She sits in a *fauteuil*, and Deutz stands before her. He tries to appear unconcerned, as he leans on the back of a chair, and, taking the letters from his pocket, hands them to her, saying:

"Here are letters for your highness."

The duchess took them in silence, and opened one—no writing was visible. Then she went to a shelf, upon which several small phials were standing, and, unclosing one, wets the paper with a small sponge attached to the cork. The writing immediately appears, and Deutz involuntarily asks, "A secret letter—?"

"No secret from you, my friend," she replies; "it is only an account of money, sent me from Spain; but, it is very long—look!" And the more she dampened the paper, the more characters came to light. Then she opened the second letter, and, by the same assistance, made it legible. This was short, and, as she read, Deutz observed her countenance change. He grew anxious—what did that letter contain?—At length she dropped it, and, looking steadily at him, said:

"My friend, in this letter I am warned against a man who possesses my entire confidence. Are you that traitor?"

A pause followed. Deutz was agonized!

If her friends were near—if they had received a hint, he would not be allowed to leave the house alive.

"Madame," he replied, forcing a smile upon his quivering lips, "the suspicion does not wound me, for you surely jest. Is it possible for Simon Deutz to betray Marie Caroline?"

Again the duchess paused for reflection. Deutz looked toward the door, when suddenly she threw the letter upon her writing-table, exclaiming:

"This is all folly!"

Once more he breathed freely, for he felt that his victim was safe.

For almost an hour the interview was prolonged, and during this time the traitor endured torture. Every sound made him tremble, as he continually feared some evil mischance.

The duchess had adherents, and moments now seemed hours; for how easily might his whole scheme fail!

At last she rose, and said:

"We shall not meet again in this house." Then, giving her hand to her faithless friend, she added: "Farewell! Return to your post, and remember that the first gun near the Scheldt shall be the signal of our triumph."

She disappeared in the next room, and Deutz, descending the stairs, passed through the hall.

All was quiet in the house, and he had still a few moments left, so he quickly glanced through a half-open door. Here was the parlor where he was first received, and now he was careful to observe every thing. He saw a table laid for seven, and knew that the Misses Duguigney lived alone in the house. If the covers were for seven, then the duchess would be among the guests. Was it possible for her to be concealed in the house?

But, if Duval's police arrived at the right moment, they could seize the long-hoped-for prey at the table of her hostess, and thus easily secure her.

. . . . . .

Full and clear the moon rose in a cloudless sky, and noiselessly the spy travelled through the deserted streets, his shadow gliding over the ground and along the walls in spectral ghostliness.

He soon arrived at the prefecture, where Duval at once received him, for, after that first meeting, Deutz had always found him attentive and quiet as a well-trained hound.

"Quick! quick! We have her! She is at Duguigney's. Hasten!"

Instantly the prefecture was all excitement, for since daybreak the troops had orders to hold themselves in readiness for any emergency. In fact, police and military had united to arrest *one woman!*

Twelve hundred infantry had been ready for twenty-four hours, because the government feared a revolt in the event of her arrest, and these could only surround half a quarter of the town.

The residence of the duchess at Duguigney's was entirely ignored, for might she not escape into one of the neighboring houses? Orders are now issued from the prefecture, and Duval goes to the commanding officer to ask his assistance. D'Erlon frowns at the request, but his duty is imperative; therefore, he orders General Dermoncourt to undertake the unpleasant task. Simon Laurrière, commandant of Nantes, is the third soldier forced into the service.

And Deutz! Where is Deutz the traitor?

Duval had locked him in a remote apartment with an officer of the police as companion. It was not wise to trust him now, but he must be held as hostage for his report. He hears the noise, listens to orders—but what will happen if Marie Caroline is not found? And now the last preparation is complete, and the soldiers take up their line of march in three columns for the street Haute du Château.

. . . . . .

At Duguigney's the meal is over, and from a window Marie Caroline watched the soft moonlight silvering the towers of the castle. The solemn stillness oppressed her, and the warning letter haunted her imagination.

Guibary, one of her friends, stood near, enjoying with her the beautiful scene—when see, hark! arms glitter in the moonlit streets, the clink of musketry breaks the evening quiet, and the heavy, regular tread of soldiery echoes over the pavement as they approach and halt before the house.

"Treason! treason!" cries Guibary; "conceal yourself, madame."

In a moment the house is in confusion, and the sudden, unexpected danger makes her friends lose all self-control.

But, cool herself, the duchess soon reassures them. She hastens to her refuge in the attic, Mesnard, Guibary, and Mademoiselle Kersabiec following. The small apartment can hold four persons if the search is not obstinately prolonged.

The raps of the soldiers now resound on the door; it is opened, and the police, commanded by Joly, enter. At the same moment the spring in the small chamber closes the mantel, and the fugitives are beyond pursuit.

Joly tramps rapidly through the house. Every room seems familiar, for Deutz has faithfully described them.

Police are scattered everywhere; all are armed with pistols, and one of them handles his so awkwardly that it explodes, and the man is wounded in the hand.

This troubles the party within.

"They shoot at our friends," said the duchess.

"Aha!" exclaims Joly, entering the dining-room. "So there is supper for seven, and only four ladies—the sisters Duguigney, Madame de Charette, and Alceste Kersabiec."

Joly ascends higher; full well he knows the stairs.

"Here is the reception-room," he remarks, aloud.

"It is true. Deutz is the traitor!" the duchess whispers to Mesnard.

She was angry, yet also deeply pained, for she had distinctly heard the words of the detective.

Joly searched the room, and behold! on the table lies the letter warning the duchess of her false friend.

She is doubtless still in the house and must be found; so Joly posts the gendarmes in all the rooms; the approaches to the house are guarded; crowds gather on the outskirts; and half of Nantes is astir.

A search now commenced that seemed almost like pillage; for closets were broken open, furniture overturned, while workmen were busy examining the walls. Masons and carpenters were called upon to advance opinions as to whether hiding-places could exist, and all during this time the noise and confusion were distinctly heard by the poor prisoners.

Nearer the danger threatened, the little chamber was entered, and

but a thin partition separated them from their pursuers. Closer they gather in their dark hiding-place, while the heat momentarily becomes more intolerable.

"A secret place here is impossible!" the carpenters exclaim.

Can this be ignorance or generosity?

The soldiers seem satisfied and leave the room; therefore, the prisoners begin to have some hope.

Confusion still reigns on all sides—heavy raps resound before, behind, in every direction; even the walls of the adjoining house are so struck and bored that masses of brick and mortar fall upon the prisoners in their small room. Only four feet beyond the workmen steadily continue their efforts, while the dust becomes stifling. The wall cannot stand much longer, and, to add to these horrors, they hear now the clang of heavy arms mingling with the threats and curses of tired soldiers and workmen.

During this period the ladies guarded below behave like heroines. They calmly take their supper, though all the while closely watched by the police. Charlotte Moreau, the maid of the duchess, and represented by Deutz as possessing important information, and Marie Boissy, the cook, are both firm, even against three thousand francs. The night grows late, and the men are less eager. The houses in the neighborhood have been searched, but without result. The duchess has escaped, and Duval gives orders to retire. But sentinels still remain in the rooms, and at the door the National Guard replace the tired gendarmes. Anxiously the prisoners listen, and they are just about to draw aside the metal plate that the air may refresh them, when, hark! the door opens, and two soldiers enter.

The duchess can distinctly see them through a crack, as they settle themselves comfortably in the room. So there is no hope for those in the little cell. The ceiling in the outer room is so low that the men can scarcely stand upright, and, the feverish excitement of the past few hours over, they begin to shiver with cold. The duchess realizes this as her own icy hand touches her companions. And see—one of them leaves the room, and returns with an armful of turf. The prisoners are in despair, for a fire will be lighted, the iron plate quickly grows red hot, and the duchess stands but six inches removed from this. No escape from suffocation seems possible. Already the flames crackle, fire gleams through the chinks in the plate, but as yet the heat only serves to warm the half-frozen prisoners. "Look!—look!" whispers the duchess. The plate is red, the iron glows, even the walls are becoming hot, and a suffocating smoke fills the place. At the same time the work in the adjoining house recommences, the flames brighten, and hope revives as the duchess remarks that one of the gendarmes has fallen asleep, notwithstanding the noise—while the other only carelessly attends to the fire.

Mesnard has succeeded in breaking out a few tiles—fresh air fills the room, and the noise of the workmen gradually grows less, at length entirely ceasing.

"Saved!" softly whispers the duchess.

"Saved!" repeat her companions.

But the gendarme is weary himself, and also needs rest; therefore he rouses his sleeping comrade, who yawns while he stretches himself, and stands up shaking with cold. Then he looks around for something to kindle the fire, and, by a sad mischance, his eyes fall upon a bundle of papers lying under the table. At once he pulls these toward him, and relights the fire.

In a moment the little interior apartment is filled with smoke—the prisoners can scarcely breathe—and they press their mouths against an opening in the roof, from which they greedily draw in the fresh air.

The iron now glows with heat, white stripes appear, while the smoke grows dense and more suffocating. Rats scramble over the floor, driven from their holes by the smoke, and troops of lizards glide over the beams and rafters.

The duchess is nearest the glowing metal, the bands crack, for the old chimney has never known such heat before. A fearful dread seizes upon the prisoners—they feel all the horrors of the death impending.

Twice the dress of the duchess caught, and twice her own hands smothered the flames—and long years after did those brave hands bear testimony of the agony of that night.

Each moment adds to the intensity of the fire—they can scarcely breathe, and in low tones entreat the duchess to surrender, but still she firmly refuses. For the third time her dress burns, and, in extinguishing it, her hand accidentally touches the spring, and the iron mantel parts. Mademoiselle Kersabiec instantly attempts to close it, but her hand comes in contact with the hot iron, and she gives a suppressed cry of pain.

"Oh, there are rats!" said the gendarme, who has been busy reading the papers. The turf has fallen together, and he awakens his companion, when both draw their swords for a rat-hunt. The heat grows more fiery, and, as the clashing swords fall upon their ears, the duchess consents, and Mademoiselle Kersabiec totters, as she raps against the iron. "Who is there?" cries the gendarme.

"We surrender—open—extinguish the fire!" replies mademoiselle. The gendarmes start affrighted—are human beings here?

Hastily they put out the fire, but no one is yet seen, and, not suspecting the spring, they are startled as the wall opens and a lady appears, followed by a young girl and two gentlemen.

"My friend," says the lady, turning to the astonished soldier, "I am the Duchess de Berri."

The other gendarme had gone for the commissaire, who arrives with the order for arrest, which he at once reads, and then begins to question her.

"Sir," said Marie Caroline, interrupting him, "I do not intend to answer you—I wish to see General Dermancourt."

A few moments later the general entered, accompanied by the procurateur, General Bandot.

Faint from excitement, the duchess had fallen into a chair, and, with Mesnard's help, manages to drag herself into an adjoining chamber, for the staircase and rooms are filled with curious people.

"General," she said, "I confide myself to your honor."

"Madame," he replied, bowing low, "you are under the protection of French soldiers."

She was very pale, and nervous with agitation—the agony of the last few hours, not fear, makes her faint—and again he leads her to a chair.

"General," she continues, "I have but fulfilled a mother's duty—I only desired to regain the inheritance of my son!"

As she utters these words, all her firmness, her self-control, leave her—and, with difficulty, she collects herself sufficiently to plead for her friends.

In a few moments Duval approaches her; he does not even uncover his head; but, staring impertinently, says, "All right—she is the one!" then leaves the room.

The house is now searched for papers, and, when the duchess calls her friends to say farewell, a scene of great excitement ensues.

The streets are thronged, for the sympathy for Marie Caroline is universal. Nantes looks upon her as a martyr. The general offers his arm.

"We must leave the house, your highness," he tells her.

"Where do you take me?"

"First to the castle, then—"

"To Blaye?—in prison?"

Dermancourt is silent.

"My friends," she exclaims, "let us go!"

As she crosses the attic room, she glances toward the chimney. The fire is extinguished, and the plate forming the entrance open. "General," she says, smiling, "if I had not feared the fate of St. Laurence, you would not now lead me thus away."

In the streets the soldiers present arms, and a murmur of pitying sympathy sounds through the crowd.

The distance to the castle is short, and the whole party arrive there by eleven the next morning. Nobly the duchess deported herself during her prison-life, for the confinement did not pain her nearly as intensely as the treachery of one who had only received kindness from her.

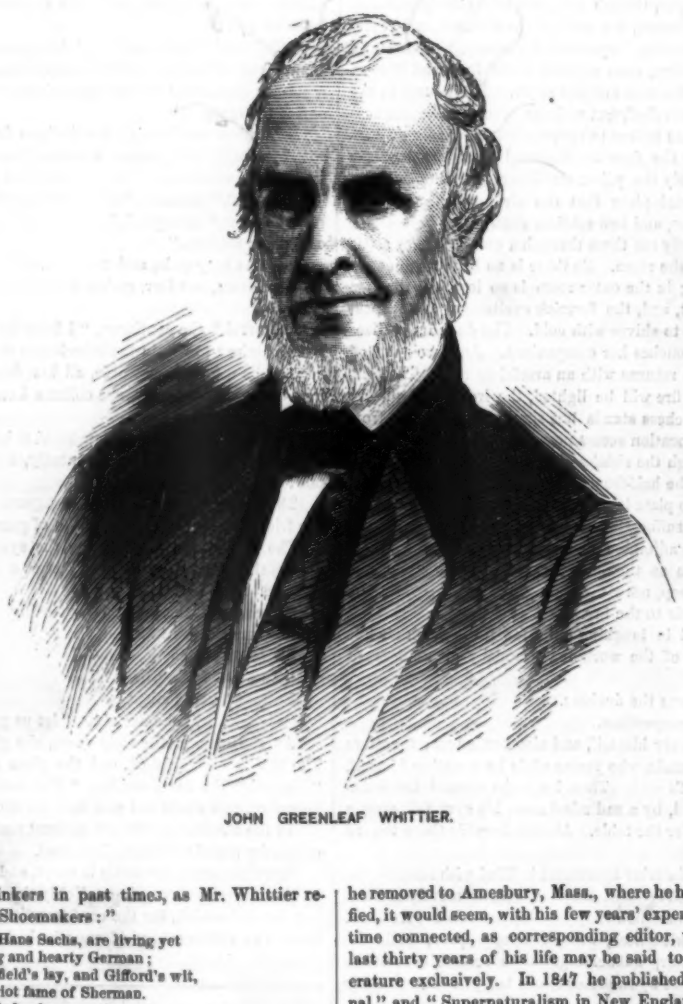
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE lives of men of letters, however interesting to their admirers, seldom commend themselves to the attention of the biographer on account of the adventures by which they are characterized. Literary biography is the most delightful of all reading; but, in most cases, it is the reading which is most difficult to write. Never ready-made, like military or naval biography, it must be sought out—a little here, and a little there—and, when found, made the most of by the skilfulness of its arrangement and presentation. Confined to the inner life of the subject, it necessitates the possession of a certain

amount of psychological knowledge on the part of the biographer, who must be able to put himself in the place of his hero, so far, at least, as to write "from within, outward." The lack of this knowledge has rendered many writers, able enough in other respects, unfit to be biographers—a notable instance of late being Mr. John Forster, whose life of Walter Savage Landor is the most tantalizing and unsatisfactory of literary biographies. We make these remarks the text of what follows, not so much to excuse any shortcomings of our own, real or imaginary, as to account for the apparent paucity of our knowledge in regard to Mr. Whittier. He has lived upward of sixty years, but his life is not of a kind to interest the world at large. In this he resembles many of his brotherhood of thinkers and poets, of whom it may be said, with more truth than of any other class—

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in December, 1807. His family were Quakers, who had succeeded in establishing themselves on the banks of the Merrimac, in spite of the persecutions to which they were subjected by their Puritan neighbors, to whom the Friend, in his drab coat, was as great an abomination as the foe in his war-paint and feathers. He lived on the homestead, which is still standing, or was recently, until his twentieth year, dividing his time between the old farm, upon which he worked, and poetry, which he occasionally contributed to the *Haverhill Gazette*, not forgetting shoemaking, which he pursued at intervals, as was the custom forty or fifty years ago among the thrifty sons of Massachusetts. The "gentle craft of leather" numbered its poets and thinkers in past times, as Mr. Whittier reminds us in his poem "The Shoemakers:"



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

"Thy songs, Hans Sachs, are living yet
In strong and hearty German;
And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,
And patriot fame of Sherman.
Still from his book, a mystic seer,
The soul of Behmen teaches,
And England's priestcraft shakes to hear
Of Fox's leathern breeches."

Mr. Whittier cannot be said to be one of the guild, however, if it be true, as one of his biographers has insinuated, that the world would go barefooted if St. Crispin had never had a more devoted disciple.

After one year of academy-life elsewhere, we find Mr. Whittier, in 1829, the editor of the *American Manufacturer*, a journal published in Boston in the tariff interest, and, it is to be presumed, on the side of protection. He must by this time have acquired a local reputation as a writer of prose, for the proprietors of newspapers, however humble, are not in the habit of intrusting their enterprises to the hands of those who are only known through verse. We are strengthened in this belief by the fact that during the next year Mr. Whittier became the editor of the *New-England Weekly Review*, a Hartford journal, which the poet Brainerd had at one time conducted, as well as the late George D. Prentice, whom Mr. Whittier succeeded. In 1831 he published his first volume of prose—"Legends of New England"—a series of sketches devoted to Indian and Colonial traditions and superstitions, a by-path of literature to which he was early drawn, and in which he still delights to walk at intervals. We find mention of an earlier work in verse, entitled "Moll Pitcher," the tale of a witch of Nahant, but we have never seen it. In 1832 he published a memoir of Brainerd, prefixed to the second edition of his "Literary Remains;" and, in 1833, an essay, the purport of which may be gathered from its title, "Justice and Expediency; or, Slavery considered with a View to its Abolition." A little later he was at work on the old farm again, advanced (if the reader chooses) from the chair of the editor to that of the law-maker, by representing his town in the State Legislature. In 1835 he published "Mogg Megone," a metrical romance, the hero of which was a chief of the Saco Indians in the war of 1677. He edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, an antislavery journal published in Philadelphia, in 1838–'39, during which time his office was sacked and burned by a mob. Afterward he acted as one of the secretaries of the Antislavery Society, and edited the "Antislavery Reports" and the *Lowell Standard*. In 1840 he removed to Amesbury, Mass., where he has ever since resided, satisfied, it would seem, with his few years' experience of editorial life. For a time connected, as corresponding editor, with the *National Era*, the last thirty years of his life may be said to have been devoted to literature exclusively. In 1847 he published "Margaret Smith's Journal," and "Supernaturalism in New England;" in 1848, "The Bridal of Pennacook," an Indian poem, and "Voices of Freedom," a collection of antislavery poems extending over a period of fifteen years; and, in 1850, "Songs of Labor," and "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," the last being a series of prose-papers on Bunyan, Baxter, Ellwood, Naylor, Andrew Marvell, John Roberts, William Leggett, and Robert Densmore, a Scottish poet who tuned his rustic pipe at Haverhill at the close of the last and beginning of the present century. These volumes were followed by "The Chapel of the Hermits, and other Poems," in 1852; "Literary Recreations," in 1854; "The Panorama, and other Poems," in 1856; "Home Ballads," in 1860; "In War Time," in 1863; "Snow Bound, a Winter Idyl," in 1865;

"The Tent on the Beach, and other Poems," in 1867; "Among the Hills," 1869; and "Miriam, and other Poems," in 1871.

Such, in brief, has been the outward life of John Greenleaf Whittier.

Mr. Whittier is, in some respects, the most American of all our poets. From the beginning two elements were prominent in his poetry, either of which proved him to be a good patriot, if not a good poet. We mean his belief in a poetical side to Indian life, something therein capable of being made poetical, if not of itself inherently so, and a similar belief in the early colonial life of the white race in this country, its adventures, its trials, and its triumphs. We respect and agree with the latter; the former we consider a delusion.

It has been a fashion among poets, time out of mind, to admire the ages and peoples that were, rather than the age and men that are; and the more remote and primitive the former, the greater their admiration. To the poetic mind there may be some apparent ground for this belief, but to the saner, practical mind, there is none whatever—the age in which we live being the best age, as the better age will be the age in which we are to live. Be this, however, as it may, and admitting the possibility of a poetic side to the life of a pastoral people, we deny that there is any poetry in the life of a race of savages. "The noble savage" is a myth which never had any existence outside of books. Mr. Whittier thinks otherwise, or thought so in his younger years. It would be interesting to trace the origin and progress of Indianism in American literature; but we must not be tempted into it now: enough, that it has been shared, at one time or another, by most American poets. It would be safe to say that, twenty or thirty years ago, one could not open a volume of American verse into which this tiresome old aborigine was not thrust. He was everywhere. His peaceful manners and innocent customs were served up in pretty little lyrics and idyls, and dirges were sung because he was melting away like snow before the fierce sun of civilization. He was glorified in epics, as in "Yamoyden," for example, and "Frontenac," and "The Song of Hiawatha"—the last the nearest approach to poetry possible in Indianism. We shall not compare Mr. Whittier's Indian poetry with that of any other poet, but dismiss it as being as good as the average. The story of "Mogg Megone," what little there is of it, is painful rather than tragic, reminding us somewhat in its handling of the metrical romances of Scott. Scattered through it, as through "The Bridal of Pennacook," is a wealth of allusion to and knowledge of Indianism, mostly in the shape of descriptive items, which are not very well fused, and which rather retard than advance the interest. Description is a strong point with Mr. Whittier generally, but it is a weak one in these poems, where it often runs into excess. He has succeeded much better, we think, with the colonial portion of our history, the poems which these have inspired ranking among his happiest efforts. His earliest reading seems to have lain among these dusky old records, which have exercised a greater charm over him than over any other American singer. How powerful this charm is, may be seen in such poems as "Cassandra Southwick," a story of Puritan persecution of the Quakers, in 1658; "The Exiles," another story of persecution, the victims of which were a sturdy Puritan family who were forced to expatriate themselves to Nantucket for the heinous crime of sheltering a fugitive Quaker; and "St. John," a spirited Huguenot ballad, worthy of Macaulay in his best days. Excellent as these are, however, they will not compare with his later poems of the same character, of which the best are, perhaps, "The Witch's Daughter," "Skipper Ireson's Ride," and "The Truce of Piscataqua." Akin to these in spirit, but less happy in execution, are the poems in which Mr. Whittier has celebrated various localities in New England, some hallowed in his recollection by childish feelings, while others are distinguished for the historical associations which attach to them. It is due to Mr. Whittier to say, that his want of success in some of these poems is not the result of any shortcoming of his own, but inheres in the barbaric names which he felt it to be his poetic duty to retain and perpetuate. That there is often poetry in mere names, Milton and others of the English poets have shown; but these names are not such as prevail in our so-called Indian poetry; not the aboriginal names of insignificant rivers, petty mountains, and savage chiefs, but the classic names of old battle-fields, cities, kingdoms—Trojan, Greek, Roman—the names of sages, kings, heroes. We should ransack all the Indian names in vain for such a sounding passage as this:

> "And what resounds
> In fable or romance of Uther's son,
> Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
> And all who since, baptized or infidel,
> Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
> Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
> Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
> When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
> By Fontarabia."

Another characteristic of his poetry not yet mentioned, stamps Mr. Whittier as the most thoroughly American of all the American poets. We allude to its antislavery element—an element which we cannot but feel struck its roots early in the most serious part of his nature, and which has always ranked among his profoundest convictions. It may be said, indeed, to have dominated over him during the greater part of his life. We may like it, or we may not; but there it is, and there it was, and there it will be to the end. It shows the man more strongly, we are inclined to think, than any thing else that he has written; but, except at rare intervals, it does not show him at his best. We mean his best as a poet. We do not believe in the poetry which is inspired by morals or politics. It is not poetry; it is politics and morals in verse. Mr. Whittier's antislavery verse, which is now happily antiquated, except as literature, appeals to our sympathies most strongly when it touches the pathetic aspects of slavery, as in "The Farewell of a Virginia Slave-Mother," and "Song of Slaves in the Desert." We must quote a stanza or two from the last:

> "Where are we going? where are we going?
> Where are we going, Rubee?
>
> "Lord of peoples, lord of lands,
> Look across these shining sands,
> Through the furnace of the noon,
> Through the white light of the moon.
> Strong the Ghiblee wind is blowing,
> Strange and large the world is growing!
> Speak, and tell us where we are going,
> Where are we going, Rubee?
>
> . . . . .
>
> "When we went from Bornou land,
> We were like the leaves and sand,
> We were many, we are few;
> Life has one, and death has two:
> Whitened bones our path are showing,
> Thou All-seeing, Thou All-knowing!
> Hear us, tell us, where we are going,
> Where are we going, Rubee?"

A peculiarity among American poets, as compared with their fellow-singers in England, is the habit which they appear to cherish of celebrating in verse their personal friends, and those who share their views in regard to morals and moral ideas. Ready as they are at all times to manifest their personal love or admiration, the foremost lag far behind Mr. Whittier, who has sung of nearly every person that was worth singing about in the ranks of antislavery and reform, generally in excellent taste, often exquisitely. He has also overcome the difficulties which attend the writing of obituary poems, to which he imparts a sincerity and earnestness seldom found in writings of this kind. His grief is never commonplace, his reflections are never trite. How admirable are these stanzas, addressed to Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, on the death of his sister:

> "Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
> Hath evil wrought:
> Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel—
> The good die not!
>
> "God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
> What He hath given:
> They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
> As in His heaven."

And this from the poem entitled "Gone:"

> "And half we deemed she needed not
> The changing of her sphere,
> To give to Heaven a Shining One
> Who walked an angel here.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Fold her, O Father! in Thine arms,
> And let her henceforth be
> A messenger of love, between
> Our human hearts and Thee.
>
> "Still let her mild rebuking stand
> Between us and the wrong,
> And her dear memory serve to make
> Our faith in goodness strong.

"And grant that she who, trembling here,
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours."

Mr. Whittier is fortunate in portraying what he conceives to be the mental character of those whom he celebrates, particularly so in the case of Follen, John Woolman, whose writings Lamb advised one of his correspondents to get by heart, Channing, Webster, and Randolph. Our estimate of Webster differs from his, but we recognize the great excellence of his "Ichabod," considered as a poem simply, and the nobility of feeling which prompted it, mistaken as we consider the judgment which it renders. "Randolph of Roanoke" is a manly tribute to one of the most marked characters in our political history:

"He held his slaves, yet kept the while
His reverence for the human:
In the dark vassals of his will
He saw but Man and Woman!
No hunter of God's outraged poor
His Roanoke Valley entered;
No trader in the souls of men
Across his threshold ventured."

Another characteristic of Mr. Whittier's poetry is its continual reference to the personages mentioned and the incidents described in the sacred writings. The Hebraic element is a marked feature in his genius. That it is capable of being turned to the grandest poetical account, Milton has shown us; that it is powerful, even in lesser hands, every reader of English poetry knows. If the Bible has no other effect upon those who read it, it has the effect which the best English ever written or spoken cannot fail to produce in thoughtful minds—the sense of satisfaction in simple and noble thoughts, expressed in simple and noble words. Mr. Whittier has his Bible at his finger-ends, and is as familiar with its history as with that of his native land. He has walked and talked with seers and prophets, has seen the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, and has heard the thunder and the still, small voice which followed it:

"In sudden whirlwind, cloud, and flame,
The Spirit of the Highest came!
Before mine eyes a vision passed,
A glory terrible and vast;
With dreadful eyes of living things,
And sounding sweep of angel-wings:
With circling light and sapphire throne,
And flame-like form of One thereon,
And voice of that dread Likeness sent
Down from the crystal firmament."

The Hebraic cast of Mr. Whittier's mind, joined, perhaps, to his descent from a once persecuted sect, accounts for the serious character of his poetry in general, and particularly for the indignant, fiery spirit which burns at a white heat in his antislavery verse. Being the man he is, he could not have written other than he has. For our own part, we wish he could have persuaded himself to let others do the moral work he had in hand so long; for we are sure that he would have gathered for us a riper and more abundant harvest of poetry. He is never so much a poet as when he gives himself up to the contemplation of imaginative themes, as, for example, in "The Wife of Manoah to her Husband," "A Dream of Summer," "Hampton Beach," "Memories," "Questions of Life," "To my Old Schoolmaster," "Tauler," "The Barefoot Boy," most of the "Home Ballads," and all the "Songs of Labor." At first sight, the object proposed in some of these appears to be realistic; but the spirit in which they are conceived, and the style in which they are wrought out, are so poetical that the final effect is such as imagination alone can leave. Our favorites are in the "Songs of Labor," which only an American poet could have written, and no American poet except Mr. Whittier. They are admirable.

The more we think of it, the firmer becomes our conviction that Mr. Whittier has not done his genius justice. The Hebraic element is strong within him, as we have noted; but quite as strong are other elements, among which are perfect freedom of thought in theological matters—the outgrowth, probably, of his Quaker descent and associations—and his supreme love of and satisfaction in Nature. Without being a freethinker, in the old and abused sense of the term, he is one of the freest of our thinkers, following in this habit of mind the example of Mr. Emerson, whose influence his poetry at times reflects, as in his "Questions of Life." Witness this passage:

"Through the vastness, arching all,
I see the great stars rise and fall,
The rounding seasons come and go,
The tided oceans ebb and flow;
The tokens of a central force,
Whose circles, in their widening force,
O'erlap and move the universe;
The workings of the law whence springs
The rhythmic harmony of things,
Which shapes in earth the darkling spar,
And orbs in heaven the morning star.
Of all I see, in earth and sky—
Star, flower, beast, bird—what part have I?
This conscious life—is that the same
Which thrills the universal frame,
Whereby the caverned crystal shoots,
And mounts the sap from forest-roots,
Whereby the exiled wood-bird tells
When spring makes green her native dells?
How feels the stone the pang of birth
Which brings its sparkling prism forth?
The forest-tree the throb which gives
The life-blood to its new-born leaves?
Do bird and blossom feel, like me,
Life's many-folded mystery—
The wonder which is yet TO BE?
Or stand I severed and distinct,
From Nature's chain of life unlinked?
Allied to all, yet not the less
Prisoned in separate consciousness,
Alone overburdened with a sense
Of life, and cause, and consequence?"

Mr. Whittier's love of Nature is so strong that it cannot escape the notice of even his most careless readers. Early and late it has distinguished all his poems, especially "Snow Bound," which contains, besides its dainty little collection of wintry pictures, portraits of various members of the poet's family, painted with a masterly hand.

Not to dwell longer, however, on what we conceive to be the excellences and defects of Mr. Whittier's genius, we close our imperfect remarks with a bit of verse with which we entirely concur. It is the poet's judgment upon himself and his poetry:

"Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
Or soften shades on Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes

"Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind:
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

"Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown:
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

"O Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still, with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine!"

R. H. STODDARD.

THE SCENERY OF THE MOON.

PREVIOUS to the invention of the telescope, the dark regions of the moon were supposed to be seas; their titles are therefore of ancient origin, with the exception of a few dark spots of recent discovery, and which have also been named seas, in order to leave undisturbed the primitive classification.

The telescope has revealed the fact that the dark plains of the moon are but the most ancient surface formations more or less abraded and smoothed, and which, from some cause, have lost their original brilliancy. The bright portions, from the sharpness of outline and fresh appearance of their details, are considered to be of the most recent origin.

The telescope has also shown that the lunar surface is stu³ded with mountain-ranges in the form of rings which enclose circular plains of all dimensions, from a hundred and fifty miles in diameter downward, until from their mere minuteness they become invisible in the most powerful telescopes.

The "rampart rims" of the larger basins present a wonderful variety of turret and terrace, and are not surpassed in rugged moun-

tain magnificence by the Alps or the Andes, while the decrease in size seems, as a rule, to bring with it a certain character of modification which eventually gives to the smaller-sized basins the appearance of cup-shaped fountains, whose regular rims lose all the roughness which characterize the massive boundaries of their predecessors.

Many of those basins of all sizes have bright streaks radiating from them, which, in some cases, may be traced to over a thousand miles from their sources, but the nature of which is still considered obscure. Other classes of lunar mountains are not so unlike those of our earth. Far to the northward, upon the verge of the evening crescent, for instance, the dark outline of Mare Humboldteanum, or the Sea of Humboldt, with its bold boundary of mountains limiting the range of telescopic vision and gaining an altitude of sixteen thousand feet, would almost make us forget that we are not wandering among the scenery of our native world.

About one hundred and fifty miles eastward of the Sea of Humboldt, there rises an annular mountain, enclosing a basin of about fifteen miles in diameter, named Thales. If we suppose ourselves to commence a lunar journey from this point, we may begin by tracing upon every hand the mighty effects produced by the strange causes which have fashioned the scenery of the moon.

Away to the northward stretches a mountain-ray of Thales, until it disappears over the distant horizon, its eastern face descending abruptly to the valley, while its opposite slope is much more gradual. Like all other ray-ridges which radiate from basins, it is highest at its source, decreasing in altitude as it recedes, until all trace of its existence is finally lost in the common level.

Leaving behind us a variety of other ridges which radiate from the same basin, we turn our faces to the west and traverse the apex of a massive continuous highland for five hundred miles, until it is intercepted by a rampart mountain, which encloses a plain of a hundred and ten miles in diameter, about the base of which the ridge is dispersed and lost in the common level, like the sedimentary remains of a great stream. As the slowly-rising sun illuminates the peaks and ridges which compose the rampart of this mighty amphitheatre, we can easily understand that an observer, situated upon one of the peaks of a grand mountain-mass which rises from the centre of the plain, might see its rim as a brilliant but broken thread of light encircling his horizon forty miles away, while himself and the enclosed plain would still be obscured in the deep gloom of a lunar light. The pale orb of our earth, too, four times as great in apparent diameter as the sun, over and anon slowly rising and setting across a point upon the southeastward verge of the horizon, never ascending or descending but a few degrees above or below it, altogether composes a scene so unlike any which occurs upon our earth, that we can almost sympathize with the ancient poetic superstition which assigns to our satellite the position of an "enchanted world," and can even half forgive the modern scientific speculator who, for the want of a better interpretation, pronounces it a "dead star," or a "worn-out planet," forgetful that a "dead star," a "worn-out planet," or an "enchanted world" are all equally unintelligible to us.

Making our way to the southeast for several hundred miles through a country studded upon every side with strange, unearthly mountain-formations, but leaving to our right a lofty range not so unearthly, named Mount Taurus, we toil up the steeps of Proclus, and ascend to the apex of its narrow circular rim, which encloses a deep basin of about fifteen miles in diameter.

Perhaps no point upon the visible hemisphere of the moon commands a grander view than this. From almost beneath our feet, but far below, at a dizzying distance, stretches out to the westward the beautiful Mare Crisium, with its well-defined and abrupt mountain-boundaries, towering in places to sixteen thousand feet above the plains, and enclosing an area of seventy-eight thousand square miles, or more than half as large again as the State of New York. In some stages of illumination it has been seen speckled with minute points and streaks of light, from which may, perhaps, have been derived its glittering title, and which, we shall see, are in all probability small sheets of water.

The surface of this plain seems to be somewhat depressed below the general level of the moon; but that bold promontory, jutting far into the southwest region, rises above the lowlands eleven thousand feet; while another peak gains an altitude of nearly three miles, from which the rising sun projects a long, dark shadow over the plain below.

Along the slope of one of the mountains which stand like sentinels in the sea, long, white ridges, resembling ramparts, have been seen by many observers, and from behind which some lunar patriots may, perchance, have defended their beautiful valley against the aggressions of ambitious neighbors.

The mountain-ridges, formed by the flow from the basin upon whose verge we suppose ourselves standing, trend north and south, forming the eastern boundary of Mare Crisium. The descent from the apex of the rim to the general level of the surface is more precipitous than is usually the case with mountains of this character; the ridge, however, though forming but a single range, as it were, is cut into various lesser ranges as their distance increases from the parent-basin, assuming the usual character of radiates.

Turning our faces now toward the southeast, we see far below us the rugged Palus Somni jutting its grand promontory a hundred miles away into the dark plain of Mare Tranquillitatis, which stretches in infinite variety to the east and south, forming islands and bays and headlands, which, by contrast with the dark plain, sparkle in lunar splendor. From this sea rises the small range of Mount Argæus, ascending gradually from its western base to a summit which rivals the most lofty peaks of our Pyrenees, then abruptly breaks into a tremendous precipice which, in the sunrise, casts a long spire-like shadow over the dark expanse below. Near this, and rising from the same sombre field, is the finely-terraced ring-mountain Plinius, enclosing a circle of thirty-two miles in diameter, filled with hillocks of every variety, which glitter in their mighty setting like the jewel of some gorgeous diadem.

To the southward of Mare Tranquillitatis and connected with it, lies that of Mare Nectaris and of Fecunditatis, divided from each other by a great peninsula and the mountains of the Pyrenees, from which we enter upon a region to the southward, where the forces which modelled the surface seem to have been not only comparatively modern, but everywhere active; for, spread out before us lies a vast extent of country whose "ring-mountains" of all magnitudes, terraced, turreted, and grooved, are to be found in every direction; ridges and valleys, too, complicate the heterogeneous variety, until we find ourselves in a labyrinth of wild mountain magnificence so utterly unlike any thing to be found upon the surface of our world, that, failing to realize that the causes and forces which fashioned the topography of this world and that must be wholly distinct and different, is simply to misunderstand the nature of the subject.

Nowhere upon the surface of our world does there exist such a structure as a ring-mountain, while upon the moon they are the prevailing forms, up to the present over thirty thousand having been discovered upon the visible hemisphere, and, though they are said by astronomers to be of volcanic origin, I confess my own inability to discover the slightest analogy between Mount Vesuvius and a circular walled plain equal in extent to the quarter of Italy, or which would enclose three such States as Massachusetts, especially as the volcano is a mere cone projecting above the surface of the earth, its crater forming but a slight depression at the top, while the lunar basin has its interior plain three times as much depressed below the apex of its mountain-rim as that apex rises above the general level of the moon's surface upon the outside.

Pausing to look about us, as we enter this region from the north, we see behind us the wide and variegated plain of Mare Fecunditatis, with its dark, prairie-like expanse studded with "butes," small ring-basins, and the curious comet-like structure projecting from its centre toward its western boundary, and having for its double nucleus two small but beautifully-defined basins.

To our right lie the mountain-masses of the Pyrenees; to our left, several magnificent walled plains—Langrenius, seventy miles in diameter, with its multiple ring rising ten thousand feet above the floor of the basin, and looking, in the rays of the rising or setting sun, like concentric threads of silvery light, its brilliant central mountain gleaming like a star of the first magnitude above the deluge of darkness which obscures the encircling plain for forty miles away; Vendelius, too, and Pitavius, on a scale of rival splendor, but differing in variety of details; while far away to the westward, through a region abounding in curiosities, stretches for hundreds of miles a narrow and almost straight valley, clearing to its bottom every obstruction which lies in its path.

Already we encounter the mysterious lines of light which are so distinctly seen to radiate from Tycho in the full-moon photographs,



MR. BOYLE'S MODEL OF THE MOON.

although that most remarkable of lunar basins is yet more than eight hundred miles away. Yonder, to the right, is one of those curious rays cutting nearly through the middle of the Mare Nectaris, where it encounters a small ring-mountain whose slender rampart it has not destroyed, though the flow which formed the same ray has borne a conspicuous part in the destruction of more formidable mountain-masses nearer to its source, as may be seen by examining the ruined ramparts of what were once fine examples of the ring-mountain formations.

In the region marked by two walled plains, known as Stoffler and Fernelius, whole sections of rampart-mountains, once formidable in extent and structure, have yielded to the flow directed from Tycho, though two hundred miles distant from the source. Behind the masses which survived destruction, long drift-like ridges have been formed, such as are commonly to be found behind obstructions in the beds of rivers. The ray which crosses Mare Nectaris is evidently a structure of this kind, where the flow at so great a distance from its source, not being in sufficient volume to overwhelm the obstruction, merely swept round its base, forming behind it the characteristic drift, the prototype of which may be found as frequently upon our own earth as upon her satellite.

A careful examination of even the lunar photographs already in our possession will also show that most of the main rays which surround Tycho, as well as those of other centres of radiation, are channelled, and have consequently two or more embankments, frequently extending throughout their entire length, and disappearing only when the ray itself ceases to be distinguishable from the ordinary *débris* of the surface, thus demonstrating that they have been constructed in a similar manner to the banks of rivers which flow through the delta they deposit.

The remains of a great ray, with two massive parallel embankments which take a northeasterly direction from Tycho, furnish so striking an example of the delta-structure that, were we to imagine a few miles of the Nile, the Ganges, or the Mississippi, abandoned by their waters anywhere in their deltas, we would have a very fair miniature representation of this great lunar relic of subsided forces. The lunar chasm, however, would be somewhat the most rugged, owing partly to the roughness of the surface over which it was originally directed, as well as fresh eruptions which broke out in its course at an early period of its history, intercepting and turning the flow in another direction, thereby preserving the early form of the channel and its embankments as well as saving from submergence the ancient surface formations upon that side of Tycho, which from this direction approach the great modern basin within about two hundred miles, while the country upon every other side has been overlaid by the evolved sediment for over seven hundred miles away from the centre.

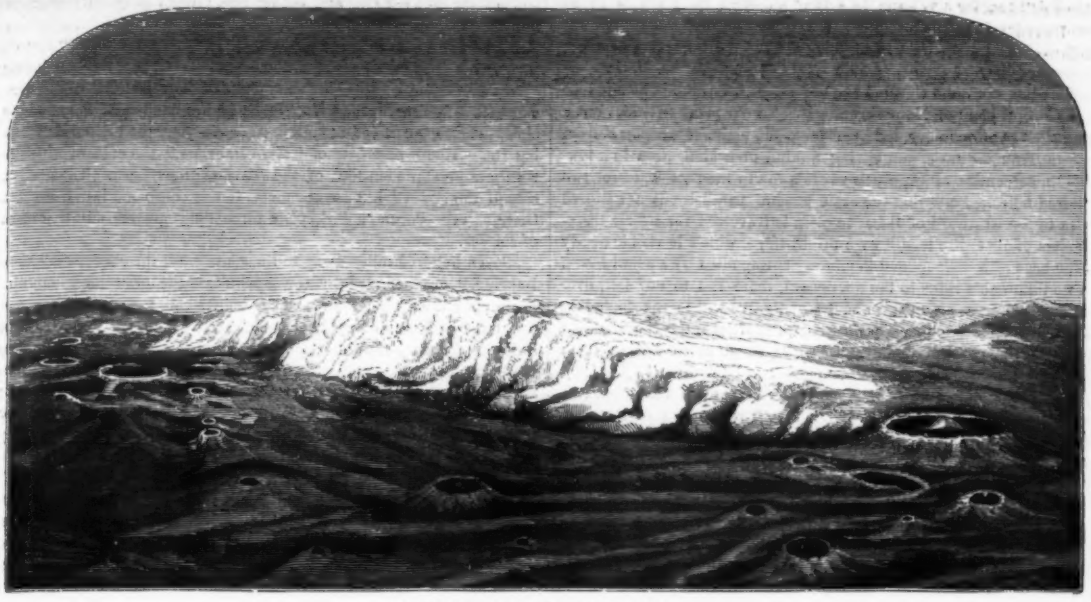
As the decrease in the amount of water evolved from those sources was gradual, the depressions and channels would be slowly filled by the subsiding sediment; hence the early form of this great northeastern ray has been preserved by the interception of the flow previous to the period of its decline.

As if to contrast the long, slender drift of the ray from Tycho, there projects also into Mare Nectaris a curious headland, which rises with a gradual slope to a considerable elevation; it takes the form of the "stock" of a hunter's rifle, and is surmounted by a ring-basin of twelve or fifteen miles in diameter; the boundary which assumes the outline of the upper edge of the weapon supports the rampart-walls of three fine enclosed plains, each about fifty miles in diameter; they present a magnificent landscape when illuminated by the slanting rays of the sun. A portion of the rampart of one towers above the plain within to the height of eighteen thousand feet.

Crossing, now, the range of the Altai Mountains, we find ourselves in a region fairly honeycombed with circular depressions, walled in by all sorts of battlements, whose multiform tops glitter in the rays of a slanting sunlight, like an



A CLIFF IN THE MOON.



A MOUNTAIN-RANGE IN THE MOON.

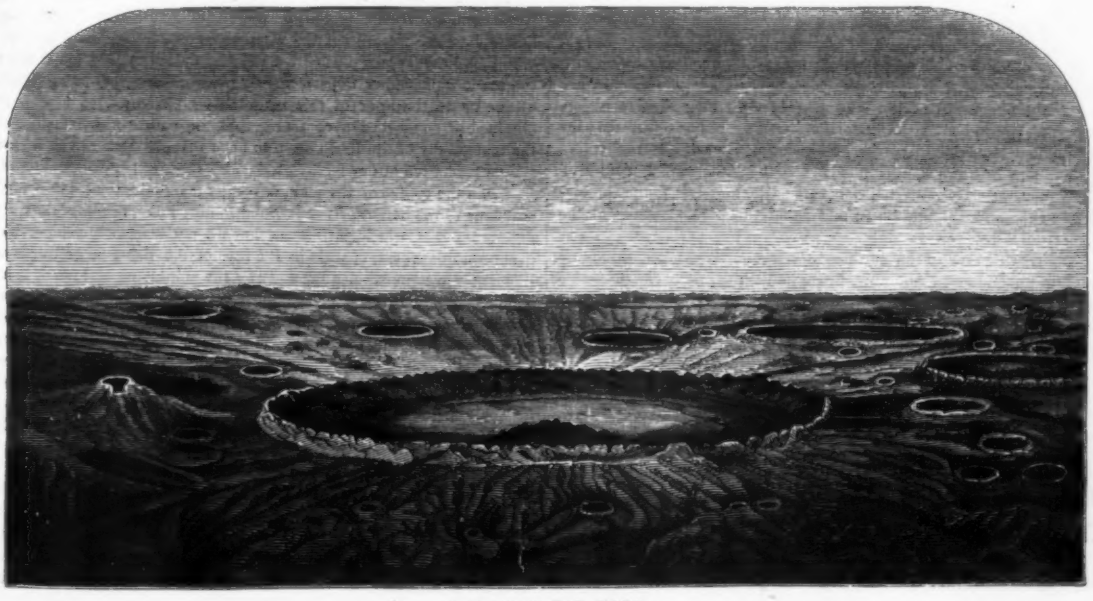
unfinished galaxy whose infinite variety of forms had not yet crystallized into mere points of dazzling brilliancy.

Continuing our journey eastward for a hundred and fifty miles, we arrive at two fine walled plains, remarkable for their depth and freshness of outline. Werner is about thirty-seven miles in diameter, its narrow rim rising above the plain thirteen thousand feet; but upon its eastern side some of the turrets would overtop Mont Blanc by one thousand feet. Aliacensis is similar to its companion, but fifty miles in diameter.

Northward of this is a group of fine "walled plains," varying in size from sixteen miles in diameter up to one hundred and fifteen. Ptolemæus is the largest, and under proper illumination presents a surface all roughened with wavy ridges interspersed with not less than forty-six of the smallest-sized basins, making it a very attractive locality for the telescopic traveller, though the rapidly-changing light unpleasantly shortens the period of his wanderings.

From this we enter a country remarkable for clefts, or long, narrow valleys, which, as is usual with this class of lunar formations, cleave to their bottom every object which happens to lie in their track.

Skirting now the Mare Vaporum, and leaving to our right the dark hollow of "Julius Cæsar," we arrive at Manilius, twenty-five miles in diameter, with its broad and peak-decorated rim, so brilliant even upon the night-side of the moon as to have been mistaken by the first Herschel for a volcano in action. Diverging a little to the right, we ascend the sloping sides of Menelaus, which, owing to its brightness, has also



A BASIN IN THE MOON.

been mistaken for a volcano in action, although its basin is about twenty miles in diameter and seven thousand feet deep. Several bright ridges radiate from it, marking the sedimentary remains of its former activity.

Standing upon the elevated rim of Menelaus, we take in at a glance the beautiful plain of Mare Serenitatis. To our right stretches out a long, slender promontory, half embaying the plain, separating it from that of Tranquillitatis, and having a kind of prolongation in a low smooth, serpentine range, which winds away to the northward for two hundred miles. Following the same general parallel but a hundred miles to the westward of this, the plain is traversed for nearly three-quarters of its entire length by a bright ridge, which is visible nearly to the base of Menelaus, and is midway surmounted by a small basin. As we follow this ridge to the northward, there lies to our left, over one hundred miles away, and about seventy-five within the boundary of the plain, the small ring-basin Linne, remarkable for the frequent appearance above it of the mystical white cloud which has so often perplexed astronomers.

Continuing our journey, we emerge from this plain through a rugged mountain-pass, leaving to our left the grand masses of the Caucasian Mountains, and upon our right the fine walled plain of Pusilanius, which contains a bright but minute little basin, over which has also appeared the mysterious white cloud.

Skirting along the eastern shore of the Mare Somnorum, rich in the wild scenery of mountain and valley, where the outlying spurs of the Caucasian Range break into bold promontories and deep inlets, we at length emerge from its rough but picturesque surroundings by winding through another intricate mountain-pass, from which we enter the "Lake of Death," a beautiful mountain-bound valley, one hundred and fifty miles long by about one hundred broad, surmounted near its centre by a very fine though not large ring-basin.

It is difficult to understand why this melancholy title should have been given to a spot so lovely. The King of Terrors could never have chosen this place for his abode, unless his tastes are preëminently artistic; for in the lake, and about it on every hand, the scenery is superb. Not far to the westward of its boundary are a pair of fine ring-plains—Eudoxus and Aristoteles, situated in a country having the appearance, at times, of being sprinkled with innumerable stars.

The wall of Eudoxus is finely terraced on the interior, and rises eleven thousand feet above the floor of the basin; upon the west its rampart is crowned by two peaks, of fifteen thousand feet each. Mount Etna, standing upon the plain, would be overtopped by its rampart, and dwarfed by its turrets.

Aristoteles is remarkable for the great variety of peak and terrace which compose its massive rim, and for minute hillocks which lie about it in rows, radiating from the centre; indeed, the whole country, between those plains and the Lacus Mortis, or Lake of Death, southward to the Caucasian Mountains, is luminous at times with brilliant points.

To the northward of the lake are also two fine circular plains, whose mountain boundaries are elaborately terraced and turreted; the wall of one is double in places, and includes a small basin of recent formation. Northward, still spreads out the "the walled plain" of Endymion, seventy-eight miles across; its massive ramparts rise fifteen thousand feet, and its turrets equal the highest peaks of the terrestrial Alps.

Journeying now to the southeast for five hundred miles, through a country abounding in mountain, plain, and valley, we at length arrive upon the northern bank of the great cleft of the Alps. This singular valley is about eighty-three miles long, varying in breadth from three and a half to five and a half miles, with a depth of twelve thousand feet. It breaks so direct through the highest of the Alps, as to suggest the idea that some mighty meteor had cloven the lunar world, ploughing its resistless course in a straight line through the convex surface; though, doubtless, it is the relic of some internal convulsion long since forgotten.

Holding our course along the verge of the cleft, and making our way, as best we can, over and among the Alpine masses, we finally arrive upon the shores of the most remarkable of lunar "seas," "Mare Imbrium."

Before us, to the eastward, and breaking the long level line of the distant sea-like horizon, rises to the altitude of eight thousand feet, the pyramid-shaped outline of Pico, whose slender shadow, waxing and waning in the rising and setting sun, forms a singularly effective picture from any point of view.

From the northern verge of the sea, the mountain-rim of "Plato" frowns like the battlements of some gigantic fortification, enclosing a very level, circular track, of sixty miles in diameter, and from which extends, to the eastward, a long reach of headlands and bays, whose abrupt shores are grand mountain-walls fronting the plain, and forming the northern boundary of "Mare Imbrium," the area of which is six times greater than that of the State of New York. The eastern side of this "sea" has no boundary, but is continued into the great Oceanus Procellarum, a dark plain three times greater still in extent of surface.

Seven hundred miles away to the southward, the shores of "Mare Imbrium" are bounded by the Apennines, the grandest mountain-chain upon the moon; their average height being nineteen thousand feet, but the cliffs * of Huyghens, which form part of the range, gain an altitude of twenty-one thousand feet, or very nearly four miles above the beautiful valley at their base. This range extends for three hundred miles, presenting to the "sea" an almost perpendicular front; to the eastward, they terminate against the rampart of a circular plain, thirty-two miles in diameter; but their westward extremity forms lower ranges and isolated peaks.

The slope of the Apennines, upon the side away from the "sea," is gradual, but, unlike the mountains of our earth, it is composed of ridges which run transverse to the general direction of the range, forming mountain-passes from the plain to the country beyond. The savage aspects of lowering mountain, and narrow, precipitous defile, presented by those passes, have, in all likelihood, not their equal upon earth, and in comparison with which the Yosemite Valley would dwindle into insignificance.

From the foot of the Apennines runs out into the "sea" a low and rugged plateau, surmounted here and there with masses of considerable magnitude, and, as if a sentient creative cause had loved to dally in and to decorate this beautiful region of the lunar world, three fine ring-basins, differing in size, just enough to give variety, are conspicuously grouped upon the western extension of the plateau, themselves flanked by jutting promontories and outlying mountains, from the bases of which spreads away such an infinite variety of brilliantly-sparkling points as to resemble at times a resolved nebula, and from which, in all probabillity, was derived its title of Palus Nebularum.

The valley below the range, deep, dark, and impressive, is so suggestive of life and animation, as to lure, at times, the telescopic traveller into dreamy wanderings among its scenery, until the long shadows of the setting sun admonish him that he is forgetting the sterner duties of the scientific observer.

Ascending one of the curious ridges which skirt the valley of the Apennines, and travelling to the eastward along its summit for a few hundred miles, we are conducted to the annular range of another grand basin, fifty six miles in diameter, and worthily named after the great philosopher Copernicus. An ascent of five thousand feet brings us to the apex of this mountain-ring, from which a view is obtained of so marked a character that the causes which fashioned the topography of the moon seem to have mapped themselves into a simple revelation at our feet.

From the centre of the plain a craggy mountain towers in savage grandeur to the height of twenty-four hundred feet, sending aloft six different peaks, which, jutting as they often do, from a field of impenetrable darkness, sparkle in the rays of the rising or setting sun like a star-group encircled far away by the points and threads of light which compose the summit of the rampart range, producing altogether a scene so strange as to recall us, from the contemplation of its splendor, to the realization of the fact that we are wandering among the vestiges of another and very different creation from those of our native world, and he who can perceive an analogy between such a structure and the puny crater of even the proudest terrestrial volcano, must be endowed with a poetic imagination richer far in its wild fancies than even the weird unearthly reality before us.

As the sun ascends above the horizon, we perceive that its rays illuminate long and intricate mountain-ridges, radiating in every direction away from the basin, in the immediate vicinity of which their converging mass forms an encircling table-land about the foot of the

* The small white dots at the foot of the cliffs show what some of our largest buildings would look like by comparison.

mountain-rim. Upon close inspection of those ridges we find that their forms undergo modifications by every obstruction which they encounter, and such as could only result from depositions by water flowing from the basin at their centre. About two hundred and fifty miles to the eastward, there rises from the same dark plain a basin of about twenty-two miles in diameter, named Kepler; two hundred miles to the northward of which rises still a third, somewhat larger, and which is named Aristarchus; those three basins form with each other a triangle, and have evidently been active during the same epoch, for the mountain-ridges which radiate from each are all equally smoothed, and overspread by the same dark tint which pervades all the ancient surface formations of the moon.

Where the ridges which project from the two lesser basins have met about half-way between their respective sources, a continuous embankment is thrown up by the opposing currents along the line of their encounter, and a section of which would be very well represented upon a small scale by the bars formed by the conflict of the waves and streams at the mouths of rivers which empty into the sea.

Where the flows from Aristarchus and Kepler encounter the greater volume from Copernicus, an embankment of not less than three hundred miles long has been erected, forming a range which connects the table-lands of the two smaller basins, the superior flow having forced the inferior volumes back toward their sources in the relative proportion of the contending forces, leaving unmistakable records of the manner of their formation.

The regions overspread by those markings occupy the greater portion of a continuous system of dark plains, so extensive that it would require twelve hundred miles of travel to cross through the centre in any direction. The shores abound in wild and variegated scenery, and, everywhere upon the surface, hill and valley spread out before the traveller in bewildering variety.

The tops of those ridges appear as lines of light, which deepen into shade as we descend into the valleys. A telescopic observer, situated upon the moon, would see our own mountain-ranges presenting the same aspect. The tops, being more or less bare or abrupt, would glisten in the sunlight, deepening into shade as the vision descended into the valleys, for the increasing density of the foliage would absorb the light in the proportion of its luxuriance.

There are many examples to be found, especially in the fresh tracings of the more recently-formed surface, where rays traverse circular basins of many miles in diameter, proceeding for hundreds of miles beyond the walled plain without changing the original direction. The shadows of the rampart-wall cast upon the floor of the basin show those traces to be mere sedimentary drift, very little elevated above the surface; it is evident, therefore, that the flow, after finding its way through the fissures and passes of the mountain-rim, filled the basin up, and issued at the opposite side in obedience to the impulse impressed upon it from the direction of its source. A basin under such circumstances would exist as a deep lake, hence the sediment deposited would form a low, broad drift, such as characterizes those found upon the floors of walled plains.

The rays are but little higher at their source than at their termination, although those two extremes may be one thousand miles apart, and, as very slight frosts would prevent water from flowing over such gentle grades to such great distances throughout long-protracted epochs, it follows that the moon is not the frozen world that some philosophers suppose it to be, nor can it possess the insufferably hot climate attributed to it by others, as in that case the waters would have been dissipated by evaporation long before reaching the distance of one hundred miles from their source. It is well known that upon our earth the oppressive effects of solar heat are greatly modified by a dry atmosphere, like that of Australia; therefore, the absence of excessive evaporation upon the moon would imply a correspondingly temperate climate.



A CLEFT IN THE MOON.

Under the impression that all is lifeless upon the moon, her dark plains have been classed as "desert wastes," in order to imply that they are merely the original soil smoothed down into a condition resembling the sands of our deserts, but the smoother any material is made the more light it will reflect, consequently those regions should be the brightest if they are mere wastes of lunar earth, and, as they are the smoothest as well as the darkest, it follows that the original surface-soil must have been overspread by something which has the power of absorbing light. Within the scope of our knowledge nothing could accomplish this result more effectually than vegetation, and even observers who have been almost bitterly opposed to the idea of life existing upon our associate planet have nevertheless placed upon record the fact that at times they have received through powerful telescopes distinct impressions of *green* color from those dark portions of the surface, and even periodical changes in different localities, which they have reluctantly admitted might possibly be due to alternations of seasons.

The impressions of color made upon the eye by those so-called seas is bluish-gray, which in the photograph always takes lighter than it appears, yet all lunar photographs represent them much darker

than they are seen by the eye, and, as this is exactly what occurs in photographing our own vegetation, it follows that their actual color is not bluish-gray, and that in all probability it is green.

The question occurs, however, What has become of the water which has left such unmistakable evidence of its former presence? The waters of our earth, in the form of vapor, ascend only a short distance above its surface and fall back again. If the moon has no atmosphere, as astronomers assert, then even the most attenuated vapor could not ascend an inch above its surface; therefore, whether that body has an atmosphere or not, water once there could never escape from it, hence there is water still upon the moon.

As a rule, the abraded condition of the larger ring-mountains implies remoteness of origin, while the regularity and sharpness of the smaller basins indicate their more recent formation. As the basins decrease in size, they also increase in numbers in a relative proportion, from which it appears that a progressive modification of the forces was brought about by the water ceasing to act in large masses and at few points, thereby becoming gradually distributed so as to issue from an infinite number of points, and, therefore, in small quantities, and without violence; consequently, if we hope to find water upon the moon at all, we must look for it in small sheets and fountain-like basins.

Now, there are several classes of observations made upon the moon which still remain an enigma to the astronomer: for example, bright, sparkling, *starlike* points are sometimes observed for a few MINUTES *only*, disappearing, to be lost for years, until caught sight of again by some fortunate observer, only to be again lost for another indefinite period of time, though the locality may be surveyed with the most scrupulous care. Those spots never occupy a space of over four or five miles in diameter; they are not elevations, for they cast no shadows, and, if they were, they would be visible to us whenever the sun shone upon them—the same as a hemisphere would present a bright point when viewed from any direction, hence the question of their solution resolves itself into an optical problem.

Now, all light reflected from polished surfaces, such as glass, water, etc., has the appearance of starlight. If they are sheets of water, they will have their surfaces horizontal, and could only be seen by an observer at the earth when the sun was in such a position that its ray would be directed by the surface on to the particular spot occupied by the observer, and at the exact moment of his observation. Owing to the rapidly-changing position of the three bodies, the reflected ray could only remain in the telescope for a few minutes when the spot, though still in the telescope and steadily watched by the observer, would cease to sparkle, because the surface of the lunar lake had ceased to subtend to the position of the sun and the observer the required angle of incidence and reflection, and, though that point upon the moon's surface may be watched with the greatest care during every subsequent lunation, yet it may never again be seen to sparkle by an observer situated at the same place, because the track of the spark across the earth might never again pass through that point of observation.

When these sparkles pass out of the telescope, the spots which emit them turn dark, and are usually described as "shadows," which they cannot be, as there are no corresponding elevations to cast shadows, therefore the changes must be due to the fact that they reflect the dark field of the SKY, which takes the place of the sun as soon as that body moves from the particular position from which its light was reflected into the telescope.

The plain of Mare Crisium is sometimes seen to sparkle with minute spots and streaks of light. Now, if it were a sheet of water, we would have a broad reflection from its surface whenever the sun and some fortunate observer sustained to each other and to the reflecting surface the required angles of incidence and reflection. Small sheets of water distributed over the plain would represent sections of a broad sheet, because the surface of all would be alike horizontal, and would, therefore, make their appearance to an observer upon the earth all at the same time, just as they would have done with the rest of the surface had they been portions of a great sheet; hence their appearance and disappearance all together demonstrates that they are horizontal reflecting surfaces. "It would be difficult to say," observes Webb, "why, if these are permanent, they are so seldom visible." Their permanency is established by the fact that they always reappear in the same places, but their reappearance at the same points upon the earth's surface is no more to be expected than that of a total eclipse; indeed, not so much, because in the latter case the great size of the moon would make a small error imperceptible, but, in calculating the path of a mere spark across the earth, a very small error would be fatal to the success of the reobservation. The realization of the calculated reappearance of those starlike points of light at certain periods and certain places will open a new chapter which may teem with important revealings to the science of astronomy.

The assertion that spectroscopic analysis demonstrates the absence of water from the lunar surface merely proves that the functions of the spectroscope are sometimes misunderstood, as it is not moonlight but reflected sunlight which comes to us from that body, hence the impossibility of gaining any knowledge of the physical nature of our satellite by the aid of that instrument.

No vapor could ascend an inch above the surface of our own earth if there were no atmosphere; therefore, the white clouds which have so often been observed above the small lunar basins, demonstrate the existence of a lunar atmosphere, and all photographs of solar eclipses show a very distinct halo projecting from the dark disk of the moon over the luminous surface of the sun, and, as no such halo projects in upon the disk of the sun from the dark field of the surrounding sky, it follows that the halo is due to some refracting medium surrounding the moon, which must be substantially an atmosphere.

CHARLES B. BOYLE.

OUR BOY.

WILLIE has had eleven years' experience of life, and has been allowed to develop according to Nature. This good dame is said to be bountiful in her law of compensation, and will probably bring to our boy some great good later in life, to balance the numberless ills to which all boy-flesh is heir. I have adhered to the theory, that much government of youngsters is hurtful, unless they happen to come of a bad stock, and I have been content to lay no other burden upon Willie than the prohibition of lying, which law is understood to be inflexible and eternal. Of course I am obliged to expostulate, ever and anon, as some new and startling development of boy-nature is manifested, but I have never had to inflict punishment, and do not often administer reproof. I paid him fifty cents in silver, some years ago, for his promise "not to shoot off matches in the house," and I keep my powder-horn locked up. I think he groans inwardly, under the sense of disability he bought with that half-dollar, but he adheres to the contract manfully. The powder-horn was locked up, because I found him, on the last national anniversary, behind the kitchen, trying pyrotechnical experiments. He had abstracted a coal from the range, and was pouring a steady stream of powder upon it. The experiment failed, because the coal was extinct. There is certainly a special Providence hedging about a boy's life, whatever may be the truth of the doctrine beyond the adolescent period.

I spent an entire day at home, recently, and, it being Saturday, Willie was at home also. It occurred to me that a good opportunity was here presented to investigate the manners and customs of the animal boy in his native state. He had conquered his lessons on Friday night. I overheard him reciting to himself his geographical studies, which appeared to be a list of provinces in Hindostan. He covered the page with his hand, while he sung out his "jography" in this fashion: "Scinde, Agimeer, Delhi, Agra, Allahabad, Dicksloo, Allogoslum, Hulker, Pulker, Peelersgum, Francis!" In looking over the book afterward, I could not find *all* these provinces set down. He was equally accurate in his task in syntax, making strange confusion with the rule and the example. He rattled the grammar-lesson off glibly, thus: "A word is a verb which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer—as—(Example) a woman, a duck, a hen!" However, he went to bed satisfied, and slept the sleep of the just.

At breakfast on Saturday the young gentleman appeared with his ordinary shining morning face. I am not entirely satisfied that the rigid adherence to our rule of matutinal ablutions is according to Nature. Willie goes through the ceremony every day, but he has once or twice plaintively wished that he were a horse, so that he could be "cleaned off with a curry-comb, like pony." Perhaps there is in boys a latent hydrophobia, which is checked and controlled by these diurnal inflictions. Anyhow, the custom is time-honored, and I do not like to introduce innovations, so Willie has to submit to the daily scouring. With carefully-arranged hair, polished face, and

clean attire, our boy is pretty well disguised when he appears at the morning meal, but he grows into his normal condition before the day is old.

He commenced the day's regular operations by falling, head-foremost, down the main staircase, starting with a pitcher of water, and reaching the bottom with the pitcher-handle in his grasp. He turned over twice or thrice during the transit, striking his head against the wall and balustrades with violence sufficient to brain half a dozen men, and when he got to the bottom howled dismally. He was dried and comforted (I gave him a greenbacked dollar, and promised him a new four-bladed knife), and I think he was a good deal refreshed by the exercise. He felt that the day was begun. The fragments of the shattered crockery were gathered up, and the innocent little darling was once more turned loose upon the world. There were two or three new phrenological developments on the surface of his cranium, but no new manifestations of character. The organ of benevolence was very materially enlarged by the contact with a thick oaken baluster, for I saw him ten minutes later twisting the cat's tail until she sneezed and yelled hideously. She escaped at last, and took refuge in the cherry-tree. Of course, this could only be a temporary relief. In half an hour she was stoned out, and fled across the yard, and over the fence, with her ordinary tail multiplied by three, in diameter, and with a back that surpassed the most astounding Grecian bend I ever saw on Broadway.

From the window of my library is visible the larger part of Willie's usual *habitat*, and during the day he furnished me many opportunities for investigating his habits. He is proprietor of the most extraordinary "dorg" that I have yet encountered, and, in the present condition of the quadruped, it would be difficult to assign him his proper place in the canine family. His ears have been scalloped on one side, and cut into points on the other. His caudal appendage has been shortened to an inch. This curtailment was effected under Willie's directions, when Sneak, that is, the dorg, was caught in the act of egg-sucking. Thus shorn of his fair proportions, Sneak is still a dog of parts. His master has taught him to go lame in one leg, to sit up on end and "beg," and to haul his wagon about the yard. So, when I heard the clatter of Willie's wagon under my window, and his stentorian orders to his "team," I peeped through the blind to study his equipage. To my intense astonishment he was driving double. Sneak was on the off-side of the pole, and a pet Berkshire pig on the other. They were harnessed with twine, eked out by bits of old bridles for traces. It was evident, at the first glance, that the porker was not well broken. He was balky and obstinate, and Willie had his hands full. The dorg-horse was kind and gentle, and wagged his absurd stump of a tail vigorously, even while sorely perplexed by the erratic course of his "match." I foresaw the catastrophe, which came in due time. Piggy bolted, tore himself and the vehicle clear of Sneak, and galloped off to the stable, scattering the fragments of the wagon to the right and left. It was a regular smash-up.

At noon, Willie came in to luncheon. The regulations at this repast only require clean hands and face, and large liberty in the matter of attire is granted. Our boy's habiliments were somewhat the worse for wear and tear, but his digestive powers were unimpaired. The quantity of bread and butter, cold beef, and cake, that he put out of sight would have kept a small family of adults a week. I inquired into the results of the "runaway," expecting a doleful complaint of loss; but Willie assured me that the damage was inconsiderable. "I got that wagon last Christmas, pa," he observed, "and it was *'most* broke anyhow." I then asked if he was satisfied with the result of his attempt to train piggy, and received a reply in the negative, very promptly. "I'll fix piggy," he remarked, "after lunch." The young gentleman did not seem at all disconcerted, and I felt that he might be safely left to his own resources.

My neighbor is a very enterprising market-gardener, and probably a valuable member of society, but our intercourse is limited to purely business transactions. He also is the possessor of a boy, a few years older than Willie, and far more advanced in worldly knowledge. I have had a lurking suspicion, for some time, that this youth, whose name is Dicky, is not precisely the associate I would select for Willie, and have consequently rather discouraged their intercourse. Dicky does not trespass on my premises very frequently, and the colloquies betwixt the boys are usually conducted through the partition fence. When I saw them together at the stable, after luncheon, I was tempted to call my boy into the library, and sacrifice an illustrated volume to his entertainment. Before I acted upon this impulse, the *dénouement* arrived.

An unusual uproar, a mixture of yells, squeals, and grunts, drew me to the window, and I saw Willy astride of piggy, who was goaded into a gallop by Dicky and a sharp stick. Piggy had been indulging in a luxurious wallow, and his coat was not at all nice, but Willie was not particular. He sat his gallant steed with the air of a centaur, his knees clasping the reeking sides, one hand grasping the off ear, and the other waving in triumph over his head. Dicky faithfully performed his duties, and poked his stick into ham and shoulder industriously and mercilessly. The porker doubled at short angles, evidently trying to unseat his rider, who clung to him with the tenacity of death. At last, the trio came down the path by the garden, with the sweep of a tornado. Willie was dashed against the palings, and the tortured pig escaped. The last I saw of him was the curl in his tail, as he tore out into the main road, hotly pursued by Dicky.

No bones were broken. Our boy was bathed and dressed for dinner in due time. I looked at him that night, as he lay in his crib, rosy and serene in peaceful slumber, and marvelled that his small body could contain so large a quantity of what is commonly called the devil.

A. Jones.

UNDERSONG.

LATE—soon or late,
The longest day hath end;
If the summer wait,
The winter still must wend
With sad steps and slow unto the fields of Fate.

In the frozen wail
Of the wintry wind,
Like a joyous tale
From fair lips and kind,
Sound the sweet forebodings of the summer gale.

Though the wasteful snow
Lieth wide and deep,
Spring shall come and go;
Night is more than sleep—
From the night and winter brighter things shall grow.

Storm and sun are born
Of an equal birth;
Day that knew no morn,
Joy that hath no dearth,
Were but things to make our sweetest thoughts forlorn.

Starry wonders swing
In their ceaseless round—
Were the night a thing
Thought had never found,
Vain were all the songs the stars of morning sing.

Tears were made for men,
Joy was made for tears;
Hope is hopeless, when
It hath no human fears—
Love is dead that lieth all within our ken.

Nations are but things
Born from death of nations;
Great rejoicing springs
Best from lamentations—
Death is Life, if there a new creation clings.

Peace hath root in wars—
Its ripe fruits are battles;
Desolation mars—
The loud thunder rattles,
But the bow of peace still sits among the stars.

L. Bruce Moore.

TABLE-TALK.

ONE of our city journals, which habitually pays much attention to the leading topics of scientific and intellectual discussion, lately gave its readers a lively sketch of the last results of Darwinism in an account of the coming man, that is to say, of man as he will be in the future when the great Darwinian principle of natural selection has perfected its work, and the process of evolution, or development, has been carried on for a million years or so. The account professes to be based on disclosures of Mr. Darwin's private views and speculations made by an intimate friend of the philosopher now in this country on the staff of the English High Commission. This imaginary disciple of the great master is made to represent that the chief agent in modifying the coming man will be his diet. Heretofore man has lived upon the vegetable and animal organisms by which he was surrounded. Fruits, plants, and animals, have been his diet. But is this necessary? Is it not possible that a food may yet be discovered which, while organic and susceptible of sustaining life, need not necessarily be embodied in any form of vegetable or animal life? In other words, may not synthetic chemistry come to our aid in supplying concentrated food which will replace the bulkier and grosser forms of vegetable and animal aliment? In fact, this is already being done. Immense strides have been made of late years in this direction. Even your grocer deals in extracts of beef and condensed milk and concentrated coffee, and the druggists are selling chemical food already in the shape of the syrup of hypophosphites. We now are beginning to learn of what chemical constituents our bodies are composed. This has been discovered for us by analytic chemistry, and, indeed, nearly all chemistry so far has been analytic. It has disintegrated—it has taken apart nearly if not quite all the materials of the universe about us. We now know pretty nearly of what every thing about us is composed, but synthetic chemistry is of comparatively recent origin, and consists of the putting together of the particles of matter about us and forming new combinations. It is now discovered that chemistry can give us organic matter without the necessity for its having gone through any form of organic life. Urea and a host of other organic materials can be made by chemists. There is no end to the possibilities of synthetic chemistry. Now, if in the waste of the human body we can find out the material necessary to repair that waste, clearly we are on the road to getting rid of animal and vegetable food. If the disintegration of our bodies is a matter of pure chemical decomposition, which is discoverable, and if it is possible to put materials together which will repair the waste of our bodies, why may not the chemist take from the inorganic earth about us such material as he needs, and supply what is required to the reformation of our systems? The German scientists have discovered that there is no thought without phosphorus, and so of all the material which goes to compose our muscles, nerves, bones, fat, etc., we are aware that they are built up from certain constituents about us, and the supplying of those constituents will give us a food which will render unnecessary the slaughter of innocent animals and the eating of gross vegetable products. Eating will then be one perpetual delight, and there will be no more dyspepsia, because nothing will be taken into the system which the system may not appropriate. This will gradually work an important change in the human form. The man of the future, eating a food in which there will be no waste, will have less strain upon his abdominal regions. In time the stomach will shrink, the liver will become smaller, the intestinal canal will diminish and shorten, the kidneys will not be so active or so much used, and will hence decrease in size. The race of "pot-bellied" men, men of huge round paunches, will decrease and pass away, while a race with small abdominal regions, and with their organs of digestion reduced to a minimum, will take their place. At the same time the superior regions of the body—the lungs, and especially the brain—under the improved conditions which will exist when this food is being eaten, will enlarge very greatly. Whatever is used most will acquire a constant tendency to increase. As the powerful jaw and terrible neck of the lion are increased, generation by generation, while his stomach decreases by his habit of life, so, too, will the tremendous brain of the man, and his vast nervous energy, called into being by this new food, give us a race with huge lungs and of mighty brain-space. The brain will need great blood-vessels to give it strength, and these will create a necessity for deriving an unusual amount of oxygen from the air. In short, the man of the future will have a shrunken belly, a great breast and neck, and a mighty head surmounting all. He will also be without teeth, because he will have no use for them. And, as the infant of the future will be fed on artificial food chemically prepared for its best nourishment, great changes will take place in the female form, which it is not necessary to specify. It will be seen by those who have read "The Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man," and have mastered the principles of Darwinism, that these speculations as to the man of the future are far more reasonable and plausible, and have much more of a real scientific basis, than Mr. Darwin's theories as to the man of the past. It is but the first step that costs, and, if we admit at all the theory that natural selection rules the universe instead of God, we need not be startled or shocked at any lengths to which it may carry us.

—— Lord Brougham's autobiography, written at the age of ninety, has just begun to be published, the first of the three large volumes of which it consists having been issued in England. So far, the work is kindly and modest in tone, without any trace of the asperity which Brougham was wont to exhibit toward his opponents, and with little of his characteristic egotism. As the work of a man of such great age, it is surprisingly vigorous in thought and style. It contains some curious anecdotes of life in Scotland at the close of the last century. Among others, for instance, he quotes a letter which he wrote from Stornoway, in 1799, in which he states that he and his companions are uniformly dead drunk at night. On one occasion, four of them drank twelve bottles of port at a single sitting, of which Brougham drank four and a half bottles. During his university life at Edinburgh, after working hard at their studies all day, he and some of his fellow-students—all of them youths of good families—would assemble at what we should call an oyster-saloon, or at the Apollo Club, where the orgies were more of the "high jinks" than of the calm or philosophical debating order. "Sometimes," he says, "these nocturnal meetings had endings that in no small degree disturbed the tranquillity of the good town of Edinburgh. I cannot tell how the fancy originated, but one of our constant exploits, after an evening at the Apollo, or at Johnny's, was to parade the streets of the New Town, and wrench the brass knockers off the doors, or tear out the brass handles of the bells! No such ornaments existed in the Old Town; but the New Town, lately built, abounded in sea-green doors and huge brazen devices, which were more than our youthful hands could resist. The number we tore off must have been prodigious, for I remember a large dark closet in my father's house, of which I kept the key, and which was literally filled with our *spolia opima*. We had no choice but to hoard them, for it is pretty obvious we could not exhibit or otherwise dispose of them. It was a strange fancy, and must have possessed some extraordinary fascination; for it will be scarcely credited, and yet it is as true as gospel, that so late as March, 1803, when we gave a farewell-banquet (I think at Fortune's Hotel) to Horner, on his leaving Edinburgh forever to settle in London, we, accompanied by the grave and most sedate Horner (*ætat.* twenty-five, or, to speak quite correctly, twenty-four years and seven months), sallied forth to the North Bridge, and then halted in front of Mr. Manderson the druggist's shop, where I, hoisted on the shoulders of the tallest of the company, placed myself on the top of the doorway, held on by the sign, and twisted off the enormous brazen serpent which formed the explanatory announcement of the business that was carried on within. I forget the end of the adventure; but I rather think the city-guard exhibited unusual activity on that occasion, and that we had a hard run for it." Lord Brougham says that his father was very fond of telling the following ghost-story: "He had been dining in Dean's Yard, Westminster, with a party of young men, one of whom was his intimate friend, Mr. Calmel. There was some talk about the death of a Mrs. Nightingale, who had recently died under some melancholy circumstances, and had been buried in the abbey. Some one offered to bet that no one of those present would go down into the grave and drive a nail into the coffin. Calmel accepted the wager, only stipulating that he might have a lantern. He was accordingly let into the cathedral by a door out of the cloisters, and there left to himself. The dinner-party, after waiting an hour or more for Calmel, began to think something must have happened to him, and that he ought to be looked after. So my father and

two or three more got a light, and went to the grave, at the bottom of which lay the apparently dead body of Mr. Calmel. He was quickly transported to the prebend's dining-room, and recovered out of his fainting-fit. As soon as he could find his tongue, he said: 'Well, I have won my wager, and you'll find the nail in the coffin; but, by Jove! the lady rose up, laid hold of me, and pulled me down before I could scramble out of the grave.' Calmel stuck to his story, in spite of all the scoffing of his friends; and the ghost of Mrs. Nightingale would have been all over the town but for my father's obstinate incredulity. Nothing would satisfy him but an ocular inspection of the grave and coffin; and so, getting a light, he and some of the party returned to the grave. There, sure enough, was the nail, well driven into the coffin; but hard fixed by it was a bit of Mr. Calmel's coat-tail! So there was an end of Mrs. Nightingale's ghost. This grave afterward became remarkable for a very beautiful piece of sculpture, by some celebrated artist, representing Mr. Nightingale vainly attempting to ward from his dying wife the dart of death."

—— A correspondent sends us the following note, the correctness of which we see no reason to doubt: "Among the miscellaneous articles of the last number of the JOURNAL you speak of the great gun recently cast at the Royal Arsenal in England as being the largest in the world. This is a mistake. There is a gun at Fort Hamilton, Long Island, that far exceeds the English gun in size and weight. It weighs one hundred and sixteen thousand five hundred and forty-nine pounds, which is over fifty-eight and a quarter tons, while the English gun weighs but thirty-five tons. It carries a ball of one thousand pounds' weight; the English gun, a shot weighing but seven hundred pounds. Its service-charge is one hundred pounds of powder, which can be increased to one hundred and fifty. It is twenty feet in length, and is capable of propelling a ball to a distance of three miles. I think this beats the Englishman considerably." There is, however, still a larger gun, of Krupp manufacture, owned by the Prussian Government, which was at the French Exhibition, and which, according to a recent article in the *Gartenlaube*, throws a solid steel shot weighing eleven hundred Prussian pounds, encased in two hundred pounds of lead.

—— The article on "The Scenery of the Moon," in our present number, is by a scientific gentleman of this city, who has made our satellite a special study for many years, with the aid of a good telescope. It will be seen that he comes to conclusions very different from those entertained by the astronomers who regard the moon as a "dead planet," utterly devoid of air and water—the great essentials of life. He thinks there is evidence of the presence of water, and also of air, though the atmosphere is undoubtedly scanty, compared with that of the earth. He is also confident that signs of vegetation can be discerned. We have much confidence in the sagacity of our contributor, whose views, we know, are based on long and careful observation, and whose descriptions of lunar scenery are not at all imaginary nor conjectural.

Literary Notes.

SOME excitement has been created in literary circles in Spain, by the announcement that a learned bibliophile, Don Fabian Hernandez of Santander, proposes to publish a new edition of "Don Quixote." Señor Hernandez, states that he "has discovered the original of this immortal work, and avails himself of such discovery to reproduce it as Cervantes penned it, freed from the corruptions of copyists, commentators, and printers." The specimens given by Señor Hernandez of his emendations, display much study and ingenuity, and indicate that the Santander edition will be one to raise the curiosity of all students of "the great book of the one-handed hero of Lepanto."

At the sitting of the 30th of January, the French Academy learned the death of M. Gustav Lambert, who was engaged in preparing an expedition to the North Pole when the war broke out, and who had been badly wounded at Montretaut when fighting at the head of a company of National Guards which he commanded. M. Elie de Beaumont read a memoir sent four years ago by the enterprising intended explorer. Before leaving Paris for his last fight, he had sent to the *Défense Nationale* a memoir on the means of communications between Paris and the Provinces.

Prince Pueckler-Muskau, who died the other day at the ripe age of eighty-six, at his splendid estate near Cottbus, left a very singular will, in which occurs the following passage: "As for my cash, I believe there is little left of the millions which I received during my long life. My steward knows more about it than I. My heirs will confer a favor on me if they will use part of that money for buying up all the copies of my works which they can find, and destroying them."

The *North British Review*, after a checkered existence of five-and-twenty years, ends with the currrent number. It was started by the Free Kirk, and died in the hands of the liberal Roman Catholics who conducted the *Home and Foreign Review* and the weekly newspaper, the *Chronicle*. Like the latter, it is said to have been killed by the hieroglyphs which adorned its pages.

"Recollections of the Public Career and Private Life of the late John Adolphus," the well-known barrister and historian, with extracts from his diaries, by his daughter, Mrs. Henderson, widow of the late Captain Andrew Henderson, is announced for publication in London.

The literature of the war will be voluminous, and let us hope that much of it may have a title to permanent interest. Among volumes forthcoming are "A Journal of the Siege of Paris," by the Hon. O. Bingham, and "Lucie's Diary of the Siege of Strasbourg," by a young lady of Alsace.

Goldschmidt, the Danish literary critic, says, in the last number of his review, that few Danish authors have ever received two hundred dollars for any book of theirs. So limited is the sale of Danish books that the first edition of any work rarely exceeds five hundred copies.

Scribe's widow is very wealthy. She receives over thirty thousand francs a year on the copyrights of her husband's plays. The *libretto* of "L'Africaine" alone has hitherto yielded her nine thousand francs.

In July next the Crown-princess of Prussia will publish her book on "Female Labor," which has been in print for several years, but for some reason or other withheld from publication.

Alphonse Karr, the famous French author, has lost his whole fortune by unsuccessful horticultural speculations, and now ekes out a somewhat precarious living by writing articles for the newspapers.

Maurice Sand, George Sand's son, has nearly completed a book entitled "La Honte de la France," which is said to contain highly-interesting disclosures about the secret history of the second empire.

Thiers's works have suddenly become more popular than ever in Europe. New editions of them are advertised in Belgium, Germany, Italy, and Spain.

A life of Washington Irving, in German, by Adolph Laun, a popular writer, has been published in Berlin.

Mr. Arthur Helps has collected and revised his "Conversations on War and General Culture," for immediate publication.

The death is announced of Jacob Venedey, well known in Germany as a writer on political and historical subjects.

Dr. Magee, Bishop of Peterborough, has a volume of sermons on "Modern Infidelity" in preparation for the press.

Among recently-published translations from the English into Russian, we notice one of the "Leviathan" of Hobbes, by Seraphin.

In the year 1870 eight hundred and forty-one novels were published in Germany, over half of which were written by ladies.

A complete translation of Shakespeare's plays into modern Greek, in twenty small volumes, has recently been published in Athens.

Holme Lee and Hamilton Aidé have each a novel in the press.

Dumas left the unpublished manuscripts of twenty-three novels and fourteen plays.

Edmond About has been engaged to write for the London *Telegraph*.

Scientific Notes.

The Fuel of the Sun.

A RECENT English writer, W. M. Williams, in an astronomical work on the fuel of the sun, argues that all space is filled with an ether or atmosphere of which what we breathe is only a condensation produced by the attraction of the earth. All the planets and stars attract their own atmospheres from this general atmosphere in which the globes float and move like fish in the ocean.

Mr. Williams calculates the pressure of the sun's atmosphere upon any given area of his surface as equal to the pressure of fifteen thousand two hundred and thirty-three earthly atmospheres. Those figures are only approximative, but are under rather than overstated, because any estimate of the diameter of the body of the sun must be of a most hypothetical and doubtful character. Putting together and comparing the various descriptions of different observers, there are good grounds for concluding that the real body of the sun has never been seen at all.

The most important result, our author infers, of such a vast accumulation of solar atmosphere, is the evolution of heat which must be produced by the compression of the lower strata. If the pressure that can be exerted by the human hand upon the piston of a condensing syringe is capable, in spite of the surrounding conductors, of producing sufficient heat to ignite a piece of German tinder, what must be the consequence of the enormous pressure of this vast atmosphere!

Now, all the records of human observation indicate that, during the historical period, no sensible increase or diminution of the solar light and heat has occurred; and the incomparably older records of geological history point to the same conclusion. No theory of the sources of solar heat and light can be sound which fails to explain this degree of permanency. There also exists in the human mind an almost irresistible *a priori* belief in the permanency of the universe, which is usually strongest in those who have the most deeply studied its mechanism. A further examination shows that no extinction of the sun—even at the remotest conceivable period—no gradual diminution of his energies, need be feared; but that when once a certain normal amount of radiation has been attained, it will be maintained eternally both by our sun and by all the other suns that are surrounded by dependent planets. The fresh supply of fuel is supplied by the progressive motion of the greater orbs and the reacting gravitation of their attendant worlds. The process is assumed to take place in this wise:

Our sun is travelling through space with a velocity which has been computed at from four to five hundred thousand miles per day. Now, if the hypothesis of a universal atmosphere is correct, the sun must, of necessity, encounter some resistance in his passage through it. This resistance will obviously be applied to the outer regions of his atmosphere, which, being fluid, will yield to such resistance, and a portion will be left behind. But the sun will obtain his share of the general medium, which of course will be obtained from that portion of space into which he is progressing.

Let us now see what will be the amount of the fresh fuel thus supplied to the sun. The daily supply will be equal in bulk to the contents of a cylinder having a diameter equal to that of the sun and his attendant atmosphere, and whose length is four or five hundred thousand miles. Taking this diameter at nine hundred thousand miles, and the length of the cylinder at four hundred and fifty thousand miles, its cubic contents will be 286,278,300,000,000,000 cubic miles. Mr. Williams assumes that the inter-stellar atmosphere has a density of only one hundred-thousandth part of that of our atmosphere at the level of the sea. A cubic mile of such rarefied air would weigh rather more than fifty tons. The total weight of the daily cylinder of fresh fuel will thus be in round numbers one hundred and sixty-five millions of millions of tons per second.

But the furnace of the sun, like our humble furnaces on earth, requires not only a continuous supply of fuel, but a stoker to feed and stir it. Now, the planetary attendants of the sun perform this duty with untiring vigilance and efficiency. The actual effect of planetary gravitation on the sun is to produce a disturbance of the kind required, although in a most irregular manner. The planetary motions are so complex, and their relative positions are so perpetually changing, that the position of the general centre of gravity, in relation to the mass of the sun, is never the same for two consecutive seconds. In all probability, the greater portion of the bulk of the sun consists of gaseous matter, and the "nucleus" is only a comparatively small kernel in the midst of the gaseous mass. These forces, therefore, are quite sufficient to produce an enormous amount of disturbance in the solar atmosphere—a complication of clashing tides, and the consequent formation of mighty maelströms, vortices and cyclones, hurricanes and tornadoes, of fury inconceivable to the dwellers upon this comparatively tranquil earth. Whether we regard the nucleus of the sun as reeling irregularly in the midst of his profound fluid envelope, or his atmosphere as dragged here by Jupiter, there by Venus, hither by the Earth, thither by Saturn, and everywhere in the mean time by the vivacious Mercury, we cannot fail to perceive in planetary attraction an agent for perpetually stirring up and mingling together the various strata of the solar atmosphere. By means of this agency, the vigorous and newly-arriving fuel must be whirled into the midst of the sun's photosphere, while huge upheavals of thermally-exhausted matter must find their way again to the upper regions of the rarefied atmosphere, where that matter will be cooled by reëxpansion below the general temperature of the inter-planetary medium, and then swept round and carried into the wake of the sun.

That an actual connection between the disturbances of the solar atmosphere and the position of the planets does exist, is shown by the observations of Mr. Carrington, who finds that the varying distances of Jupiter affect the development of spots, which are more abundant when this planet is farthest from the sun. M. Rudolph Wolf, of Bern, has observed that, besides the well-known period of a little more than eleven years, there is also another period of maximum spot-development of about fifty-six years, which Mr. Balfour Stewart has shown to correspond very nearly with the epoch at which Jupiter and Saturn come to aphelion together.

Mr. Grove, in his inaugural address to the British Association, 1866, propounded the following questions: "Our sun, our earth, and planets are constantly radiating heat into space; so in all probability are the other suns, the stars, and their attendant planets. What becomes of the heat thus radiated into space? If the universe has no limit—and it is difficult to conceive one—there is a constant evolution of heat and light; and yet more is given off than is received by each cosmical body, for otherwise night would be as light and as warm as day. What becomes of the enormous force thus apparently non-recurrent in the same form? Does it return as palpable motion? Does it move, or contribute to move, suns and planets?"

Mr. Williams thinks he may venture to answer those questions, having shown that the heat thus radiated in space is received by the general atmospheric medium; is gathered again by the breathing of wandering suns, who inspire, as they advance, the breath of universal heat, and light, and life; then by impact, compression, and radiation, they concentrate and redistribute its vitalizing power; and after its work is done, expire it in the broad wake of their retreat, leaving a track of cool exhausted ether—the ash-pits of the solar furnaces—to reabsorb the general radiations, and thus maintain the eternal round of life.

Foreign Items.

CHARLES VICTOR HUGO, Victor Hugo's son, who died the other day in Paris, was born in the year 1826, and educated at the Charlemagne College, where he graduated with high honors in 1844. After the February revolution in 1848, he became Lamartine's secretary in the Department of Foreign Affairs. Bastide, some time afterward, offered him the mission to Rio de Janeiro; but he preferred to remain in Paris as assistant editor of the *Evènement*, a journal founded by his father. For an article on the death-penalty, which created a great sensation at the time, he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment. Following his father into exile after the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, he lived most of the time in Brussels, where he wrote a number of pamphlets, and corresponded with several leading radical papers. His journalistic ability was very great. Thus, for instance, after Rochefort had fled with his *Lanterne* from Paris to Brussels, Charles Hugo, one day, when Rochefort was sick, wrote the whole paper, cleverly imitating Rochefort's style, and producing a better issue than the latter. In 1869 he returned with his brother François to Paris, and began the publication of the daily *Rappel*.

The Duke de Rivoli, grandson of Napoleon's celebrated marshal, was elected commander of a battalion of Franc-tireurs, formed at Nice, and sent with his men to the Army of the Vosges. When Garibaldi was appointed commander-in-chief of that army, the duke became very indignant, and declared at a coffee-house in Dole that he would not fight under Garibaldi. Several officers went to the latter, and urged him to send the duke before a court-martial. "Oh, no," replied Garibaldi; "if the Duke de Rivoli does not want to fight, let him go home." The duke's men, upon hearing this, immediately elected another commander, and he himself had to leave the town very precipitately, in order to escape personal violence.

A correspondent of the Berlin *Exchange Gazette*, writing from Coburg, asserted, some time ago, that Queen Victoria had been systematically deceived by people living in Coburg, who had solicited favors from her on the ground that they had been intimately acquainted with Prince Albert during his youth, and that most of her charities there had been bestowed upon unworthy persons. Some time afterward, the correspondent in question received a letter from the queen's secretary, in which he was requested to send specifications of his charges, so that the impostors might be prosecuted.

Jean-Jacques Offenbach, who has lost at least one hundred thousand francs by the war between France and Germany, has recently found out that misfortunes never come alone. His operettes are no longer performed in Berlin, Munich, and Vienna, where they were formerly very popular; and now the Turkish police, for some reason or other, has prohibited the representation of his "Grande-Duchesse" and "Belle Hélène" at Constantinople, Pera, and Smyrna.

A hundred thousand copies of the "Secret Correspondence of the Second Empire, found in the Tuileries," have thus far been sold in Paris. A curious fact is, that the seven letters written by the Empress Eugénie, which this collection contains, are full of gross orthographical blunders.

Queen Maria Pia of Portugal, Victor Emmanuel's daughter, it is said, intends to leave her royal husband and return to her father. It has been generally known at Lisbon, for some time past, that the king treats her with brutality, and has even frequently struck her with his cane.

It is now authoritatively stated that neither Prince Richard de Metternich nor M. de Lesseps, as was at first reported, assisted the Empress Eugénie in her flight from the Tuileries. The only person who helped her to escape from Paris was Dr. Evans, the American dentist.

All the statues erected to the heroes of the second empire in France have been destroyed. The metal of the equestrian statue of Napoleon III. was used at the cannon-foundery in Paris; and Morny's statue at Trouville, and Billault's statue at Nantes, were simply destroyed.

Every German family whose head was killed during the war with France will receive, out of the indemnity-fund paid by France, the sum of one thousand thalers, besides the regular military pension.

The last descendant of the celebrated Theresa Cabarrus, who played so conspicuous a part in the first French Revolution after she had married Tallien, died, a few weeks ago, of wounds received at the battle of Beaumont.

Verdi, the Italian composer, is such a spendthrift that, despite the large copyrights which he has received for his operas during the past twenty years, he is said to be quite poor.

The city in Europe which has the smallest number of daily papers in proportion to its population is Moscow. Only four dailies are published there, and only one of these four has a respectable circulation.

The Empress Augusta and the Crown-princess Victoria, during the war, broke to nearly one thousand persons the sad news that relatives of theirs had been either killed or dangerously wounded in France.

The famous publishing-house of Mame & Co., at Tours, has lost upward of a million francs by the suspension of its operations for about five months.

Jules Valles, who formerly defended the *coup d'état*, and was one of the most abject flatterers of Napoleon III., is now editor-in-chief of an ultra red-republican journal.

Five sonatas, written by Mozart, and which have never been published before, were found, the other day, at the Episcopal Library in Saltzburg.

All of Mazzini's relatives are in very humble circumstances. His niece keeps a small fruit-store in Genoa, and one of his nephews has a private school in Syracuse.

Urbano Rattazzi received, the other day, for conducting an important lawsuit, a fee of fifty thousand lire, said to be the largest paid to an Italian lawyer for many years past.

One hundred ladies of Colmar have signed a pledge to wear mourning until Alsace is restored to France.

They say, in Madrid, that King Amadeo's favorite amusement is playing whist with his three Italian adjutants.

The last balloon sent from Paris, previous to the capitulation, was, strangely enough, named Cambronne.

Erckmann-Chatrian lost part of their library during the bombardment of Phalsbourg.

Miscellany.

Japan.

THE three thousand eight hundred and fifty islands that make up Japan bear a population of about thirty-four millions; the greater portion is a simple peasantry, whose principal occupations are agriculture and fishing, and who are no better than serfs. They subsist on the mere necessaries of life; every thing else they produce being the right of their lords the daimios, the wealthiest of whom is said to have a revenue of three or four million dollars a year. There is no middle class in the country districts, and feudal Europe may be seen over again in the castles and the miserable towns and villages that cluster around them at a respectful distance. The lowest outcasts of Japan are the "Christians," the tolerated descendants of the native Christian families who were not quite destroyed in the great persecutions of the seventeenth century. They are condemned to the extreme degree of legal infamy, penned within walled towns in a quarter like the Jews' Ghetto of the middle ages, even in a prison when they are not numerous. The police watch them till their last sigh is drawn, and remove and secretly dispose of their bodies, lest Christian rites should be held over their remains. It is at least a curious fact that the Japanese Genesis admits a Trinity and incommensurable periods of millions and millions of years during which the generation of the world proceeded. The historical era commences in mist about six hundred and sixty years before the Christian era. It is impossible here to enter into Japanese history, but we may give a few of the dates. In the third century of our reckoning posting was established, and saki (rice-beer) introduced; in the fifth, silk was first made; in 543 "the wheel which shows the south" was sent to the Mikado from the court of Petsi in Corea, and in the seventh century coal was found.

M. Humbert, Swiss ambassador to Japan, says that the Japanese scenery frequently recalls the Swiss, and adds that the Japanese who travel tell him that no country reminds them so forcibly of their own as Switzerland. In some of the narrower channels between the numerous islands there is a great resemblance to the Rhine above Boppart; but there is one large engraving of a landscape in Southern Niphon which is exceedingly like hundreds in middle Germany, while another in the same district is quite an English woodland scene. As to the climate, the atmosphere is perhaps the most transparent in the world; the brilliancy of the sky is incomparable, and the air is pure and fortifying. Of all the countries of the extreme East, Japan, in its middle region, the south of Niphon, Sikoff, and Kiousiou, is the country which pleases and suits Europeans best. Earthquakes are frequent in the hot season, but they cause no disasters.

Although the first Europeans that landed in Japan (in 1542 and 1545) were the Portuguese, who had a factory in 1611 at Firado, the Dutch have had most influence. In 1611 the Netherlands East India Company obtained a concession, and soon after discussions between the colonists arose, and the Japanese began anew to persecute the Christians. The Portuguese were ejected between 1635 and 1639 with the aid of the Dutch, who were established in their place after the massacre of thirty-seven thousand "Japanese martyrs." From that time until 1854, Japan was closed to all other Westerns. Dutch is the language of diplomatic relations with strangers, and, more extraordinary still, is the tongue in which military drill is carried on.

One of the fundamental differences between our ways and those of the Japanese is that their domestic life is passed on the floor. We stand and walk on it at intervals, while the greater portion of our indoor time is passed on furniture. But the Japanese sit, and eat, and lie on the floor, and their furniture, both as to height and amount, is toned down to this habit; their tables are enlarged stools; their fires are not fixed, but are taken about in braziers; the eternal tea-kettle rests in a little *papier-maché* vehicle like a housemaid's box, somewhat larger than the similar one (all over drawers and nooks) which forms the *nécessaire* of these ceaseless smokers of microscopical metallic pipes. This also explains the leaving of the shoes at the door; the place, if not holy, must be kept clean, and besides, is luxuriously soft, the floor being constantly covered with yielding mats of rice-straw four inches thick and very carefully made. Besides being a carpet, a tablecloth, and a sofa, this mat is also the mattress on which the bourgeois passes the night, wrapped in an ample bedgown and a large wadded quilt, with most frequently only a billet of wood under his head. This system is, however, very favorable in the struggle for existence to what the French euphoniously call the domestic kangaroo. But all this applies only to the bourgeoisie. The manners of the nobles are not seen by Westerns. In fact, in Yeddo there are two distinct societies in presence of each other; the nobles, armed and privileged, are secret and retired, being almost self-imprisoned, as in immense citadels, while the lower classes, open as day, full of *bonhommie* and cordiality, appear to enjoy perfect liberty while completely subject to the iron rule of the nobles.

Every man carries about writing-materials, a brush, a stick of Indian ink, and a roll of mulberrry paper, side by side with his pipe and tobacco. Men and women employ different styles of writing, but the men can read the women's (*hirakana*) while the women cannot read the men's (*katakana*). The "calisthenics" of the ladies take the form of fencing with bent iron lances, but they do not know what needlework is. Books are respected equally with the monuments of ancestors. They are fond of periodically applying moxas, which parallels the former use of bleeding in this country. For this and for acupuncture, which is also a popular habit, there is a special class of surgeons. The bath, hot or cold, is universal, and the shampooers, who are in great request, are all blind. The ragmen in the streets pick up the waifs with long chopsticks. The wrestlers—some of whom are monsters—form a kind of tribe apart who improve in strength from generation to generation.

The House of Montmorency.

The sons of the house were fierce in battle, careless of life, indifferent to suffering, contemptuous toward the *canaille*, proud of bearing even toward their equals, ferocious persecutors, and superstitious in religion. But they were loyal and true, in word and deed; they ever held honor above all other considerations; they accepted the highest responsibilities as their right, and were only not ambitious because, from father to son, the highest honors were conferred upon them, almost as a matter of course. These qualities were handed down from one to the other, almost without change or diminution; and there was not one who can be called, in any sense, a *laboe generis*. Some were unlettered; some more sanguinary than others; some of less ability; but, during all

their twenty generations, the same pride distinguished every one; the same contempt of things petty and mean; the same personal prowess; the same nobility; and the same "masterfulness."

The only noble house that can at all compare with them, in continued prosperity and personal distinction, is that of Douglas. No other can show any thing like the long list of honors boasted by the Montmorencys. From them have come six Constables of France, twelve marshals, and eight admirals. They have been grand-masters and knights of all the orders, grand-chamberlains and officers of the crown, and were for seven hundred years premier barons of France. Henry IV. declared that, in antiquity of descent, next to the house of Bourbon, must be placed that of Montmorency; their earliest known maternal ancestor was sister to an English king, their wives have been of royal blood, and their daughters have married into royal lines.

They have been a great fighting family. From father to son, they are all soldiers. In later times, when fighting was harder to get at, a few of them entered the church, of course with a view to becoming cardinals, for every thing done by a Montmorency must be conducted in the grand style, and with an eye to the dignity of history. And even in days, so sad for the historian of the grand style, when no nobleman was safe from the collector and retailer of gossip, very little was found to be told of a Montmorency which even a Robertson would be ashamed to repeat. It would almost appear as if every one of these great seigneurs was not only a hero on his horse, and with his marshal's *bâton* in his hand, but that he posed for posterity in *maillots*, and even, judging from the scanty records which remain of the family at bedtime, in his night-shirt. Some of the members of cadet branches, it is true, allowed themselves occasionally to relax from these sterner virtues; notably Gilles, of the Laval branch, one of the defenders in the famous siege of Orleans, who was made a Marshal of France for his valor, but was such a notorious criminal that they were obliged to hang him as an example. But these cases are rare.

Colonel Corvin.

Colonel Corvin, a German gentleman who has led a very stirring and adventurous life, has just published his memoirs, which are very entertaining. Here is one of his adventures: He was educated at the Prussian Military Academy, but, though he became an officer of the army, he was at heart a democrat, and in 1848 took part in a revolutionary movement against the Government of Baden. It failed, and he was compelled to surrender at discretion, and was at once arrested and put in prison as a traitor. Corvin's wife, a brave woman, had accompanied him, as many other wives had accompanied their husbands, on this expedition. Madame Corvin worked heaven and earth, as the phrase goes, forced her way into the presence of the Princess of Prussia, attacked Count Groeben, and was thrust aside as importunate. Before the surrender she was heroic enough to bid her husband "blow out his brains sooner than surrender to the Prussians." But she rejoiced that her advice had not been followed. When she saw him in his prison, she said: "If you must die, I know you will die like a man." At last his long-deferred trial came round. The Baden Government was dealing with him, yet the court was composed of Prussian officers and sergeants. Colonel Corvin made an eloquent speech of two hours in his own defence, but it was a foregone conclusion. He was found guilty, "by five voices to one, condemned to be shot, and *to pay the costs*." As they drove away past the hotel of the place he heard a cry from a window, and a white hand was waved to him. He was thrust into the condemned cell. It was Saturday; and as no executions were allowed on Sundays, and Monday would be too long a grace, he knew he would be shot that night. About four hours then remained to him. Beside him was a little tumbled litter, from which poor Lieutenant Schad had risen that morning for his sentence. The jailer asked with a sepulchral voice:

"Would he have any thing, or see a clergyman?"

The reply was an order for a good dinner, a good bottle of wine, a dozen cigars, and writing-paper. His gallant wife now arrived. She had forced her way into the grand-duke's palace, but he would not see her. With an ingenious cruelty, all the princes, before the insurrection was put down, had divested themselves formally of the prerogative of mercy, and relegated it to the hands of the chief soldiers. When she got to the prison, they had the execution dinner served, which was furnished at the expense of the city. She had a little plan for his escape, but he refused to avail himself of it. They were then told that the execution was put off until Monday. So here was a grateful respite. Late at night, however, came the sound of many tramping feet, and two officers called him out to speak to him. She heard their whisperings. It was to tell him that all had been changed, and that he must be ready to be shot at half-past four in the morning.

She heard every word. They were to come for her at three. The agony of the interval may be conceived. The brave woman, however, knew that if she gave way, she would only unnerve him. He held her in his arms all the time: and the only thought that came upon her was, that what she felt so warm and living, would by five o'clock be cold, dead, and inanimate.

At three she was taken away. She knocked at the house of some friendly citizens. "They opened to me. After these good people had lain down again at my request, I stood at the open window alone, despairingly watching the coming morning, and listening to every sound. I felt as cold as stone, but I did not lose consciousness. The clock struck one quarter—half—three quarters—four! He has only one half-hour left to him. Then I heard the report of some shots—the people in the house heard them also—and I fell senseless to the ground, as if they had pierced my heart also." What a terribly dramatic picture!

The prisoner was quite composed, having faced death very often. He made his little preparations. At dawn he heard footsteps, and the mayor and officers entered.

"I am quite prepared, gentlemen," he said.

"No, my friend," said the voice of the counsel who had defended him, "we bring you better news."

The honest lawyer had worked hard through the night; had gone to Carlsruhe and obtained a reprieve. Corvin's sentence was commuted, and he passed six years in penal servitude of the most terrible kind. He was at last released, though his health was utterly shattered, and has lived to write these entertaining volumes.

Eotvos.

In Baron Joseph Eötvös, who died in Pesth in the first week of February, at the age of fifty-seven, Hungary has not only lost the greatest prose writer she ever had, but also one of her noblest statesmen and parliamentary leaders. As an author, he is one of the few Hungarians whose works have become widely known beyond the limits of their country. His masterpiece, "A Falu Jegyzője" ("The Village Notary"), a novel in which charming pictures of real life and most touching scenes alternate with pages of the keenest satire directed against political abuses, and which greatly contributed to the almost complete overthrow of the feudal institutions of his country in 1848, is alone sufficient to secure him immortality. The "Carthausi" ("Carthusian"), however, his earliest production in the same field, and the historical novel, "Magyarország 1514-ben" ("Hungary in 1514"), are hardly inferior in merit; while his great study, "Der Einfluss der Ideen des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts auf Staat und Gesellschaft," published simultaneously in German and Hungarian, and a number of minor works on special reform questions, place him in the foremost rank of political writers. Nor was he less successful as a journalist and orator. Vying with Count Louis Batthyanyi in the leadership of the liberal opposition in the Upper House of the Hungarian Diet before the Revolution of 1848, he at the same time, as a publicist, both defended and opposed Louis Kossuth, and subsequently became the colleague of both, as Minister of Public Instruction, in the cabinet of which they were the leading members. Shortly after the outbreak of the war, however, he resigned his position, and withdrew to Munich, where he was engaged in literary labors. After his return to his country, he was active in promoting its literary revival, aided by two distinguished friends, the historian Szalay, and the publicist Csengery. On the final restoration of the Hungarian Constitution, early in 1867, he became, in his former capacity of Minister of Public Instruction, a member of the Andrássy Cabinet, remaining till his death its strongest support, after Deák.

Change of Habits in Birds.

M. Pouchet says that the common swallow of Europe has modified the shape of its nest within fifty years. It is certain that many birds have changed their nest-building habits within an historical period. Some have learned to use thread in preference to grass. The common swallow and the chimney-swallow must have built differently before they had the use of eaves and chimneys. The old swallow-nests were globular with a very small rounded opening. The new nests are long and oval, and the opening is a long slit, four or five times as long as high, close to the top of the nest, where it meets the wall above it. This is an improvement on the old nest, as the young are not so crowded, and can reach out their heads for fresh air, while their presence does not impede the ingress of the parents.

What Women eat.

Another popular belief is that women eat nothing. It is, of course, conceded that they sustain life by the consumption of some article of nourishment; but eating, in the wholesale acceptation of the word, is supposed to be foreign to female nature. This fallacy is founded and sustained by women themselves, who, during the affected period of their lives, cultivate small appetites, as being *comme il faut*, and a sign of semi-angelic construction. When this pernicious nonsense is conscientiously carried out, the results upon the would-be angels are squalor, red noses, certain loss of vigor, general limpidness, and some other unpleasant *sequelæ*. But, as a rule, the smallest appetites at the fashionable tables are exhibited by those shrewd girls whose natural and healthy wants have been thoroughly appeased by secret stuffing. Need we refer our readers to the histori-

cal poem, concerning Violante in the pantry, gnawing of a mutton-bone, or remind them how she gnawed it, how she clawed it, when she found herself *alone?* All this is a direct deceit, however, practised upon unsophisticated old bachelors, who, when they have made the dainty creatures theirs, find out by the butcher's book and the ocular proof what sturdy trencher-women they have married. Watch a healthy girl at supper, during the intervals of dancing: she consumes by instalment four times as much as her partner, and seems, and is, none the worse for it. Our experience tells us that women eat, in proportion to their weight, as much as men, and are no more fairies in this respect than in the matter of weight.

Varieties.

THE reign of paper-money is now strangely wide. Russia, Austria, Italy, France, Spain, and the United States, six of the eight foremost nations in the world, have a legal-tender paper with a forced circulation. France and Spain are afflicted by numberless local currencies of no general acceptance. England and Germany alone, among the great powers, maintain a specie circulation, and recent events may well suggest a doubt whether, under disasters as trying as those which have lately befallen France, they, too, would not sacrifice their favorite theories to an apparent necessity or a temporary expediency.

It is worth while to bear in mind that if a person has swallowed poison, and no recognized antidote is at hand, the best thing to do is to give warm or cold water as fast as possible. Tepid water is the best, as that opens the pores of the skin, and causes vomiting, but, if that is not at hand, do not wait, but give cold until a physician arrives. While this will not cure all cases of poisoning, it will cure some, and benefit in all instances. But always produce vomiting as soon as possible.

An Irishman was sentenced to be hanged, and was just leaving the dock when the sheriff called him back and asked him his age. "Is it my age you want? Faith and I think I am about as ould as I iver shall be," replied the doomed man. When the sheriff came to conduct him to execution, and his hands had been properly tied, he refused to walk. "Do you think that I'll assist at my own destruction? Do you think I'll walk to my death? If you want me, you'll have to carry me!"

An ignorant man, unable to read or write, has lately died in Cincinnati, leaving an estate of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in steamboats and things. What a lesson this circumstance is to those who will fritter away their time learning to read and write, when they might be laying up steamboats for their heirs and assigns!

A miser, worth twenty thousand dollars, died in Knoxville, Illinois, recently from unintentional generosity. He drew a check of five hundred dollars, instead of five, to present to a nephew, and, when he found what he had done, he cried, "I am a ruined man!" and died from the effects of the shock.

Gotham Court, a building in New-York City, two hundred and thirty-four feet long, thirty-four feet wide, and five stories high, has a population of two hundred and sixty families, numbering twelve hundred and eighteen people.

A Persian manuscript of great beauty, containing sixty full-page miniature illuminations, and profusely ornamented in gold and colors in the highest class of ancient art, was recently sold in London for ten hundred and twenty-five dollars.

It is five years since nitro-glycerine came into use. The seventeen hundred persons whom it has killed or maimed for life, and the millions of property which it has destroyed, may be styled recommendations of its efficiency.

Many of the Parisians made arsenals of their houses. Abandoned flower-pots, broken bottles, and paving-stones, were stored in their dwellings to be shied at the conquering Germans when they should enter the city.

A sea-captain, invited to meet a committee of a society for the evangelization of Africa, when asked "Do the subjects of the King of Dahomey keep Sunday?" replied: "Yes, and every thing else they can lay hands on."

In Indianapolis a charming lady-physician was called to administer to a gentleman down with a fever. "You need good nursing," said the lady. "Nurse me for life," replied the patient. "I will," was the soft answer.

There are, in round numbers, about fifty-seven miles of wooden-block pavement in Chicago, and that city is, without doubt, the most thoroughly-paved city of its size in the world.

The danger of too implicitly trusting general statements or "doctrines of averages" is taught by experience; and the speculations of scholars, however ingenious, are often exploded by the logic of statistics.

Punch wants to know whether the Germans will care so much for the "Watch on the Rhine" now that they have got the great Strasbourg clock; and *Judy* asks whether the aforesaid watch is made of German silver.

The colored race in South Carolina is represented by three Congressmen, one Lieutenant-Governor, eleven State Senators, eighty State Representatives, and one Judge of the Supreme Court.

Arrangements are being made in Edinburgh to celebrate the one-hundredth birthday of Sir Walter Scott in an appropriate manner. He was born August 12, 1771.

The whole length of the Hoosac Tunnel now opened is thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-two feet, which is little more than half through the mountain.

Of the forty-four professorships in Harvard University twenty-four bear the names of the individuals who founded them, or in whose honor they were designated.

In the five largest libraries in Paris are contained one million four hundred and fifty thousand volumes and eighty-seven thousand manuscripts.

A Bostonian visiting England, a short time ago, was inquired of in London "if the Indians in Boston worshipped at the same churches as the white residents?"

A writer in the *Christian Union* "fears that the pulpit does not get its fair proportion of the ablest men, as compared with the other professions."

A woman in Newark, New Jersey, supports a husband and five children on half an acre of land by raising roots and flowers, and has purchased two houses with the surplus profits.

Wyoming produces quantities of precious stones. The topaz, amethyst, agate, opal, jasper, chalcedony, garnet, and several others, abound there, of the very finest quality.

A California professor is writing essays on the fly's nose. A very ticklish place to write essays, we should say, though perhaps he knows it.

Jasper Morgan, of Middletown, Connecticut, never called a doctor until he was in his eighty-eighth year. Then he called one, and is gathered to his fathers.

A rich old citizen of Cologne, who died there during last month, ordered in his will that he should be buried in his fur coat, being probably afraid that he should catch cold in his grave.

Swinburne, the poet, although only twenty-five years old, is said to look over forty. His enemies ascribe his aged appearance to the excessive use of black coffee, brandy, and opium.

The annual rent of the Fifth-Avenue Hotel is two hundred thousand dollars. The lessees get back seventy-five thousand dollars from the rent of stores.

A Philadelphia man bought an elephant at auction, and she tore down five hundred dollars' worth of stable for him the first night.

"The good are taken first" does not apply at photograph-establishments or barber-shops. Each must take his or her turn, good or wicked.

Early in life Peter Cooper broke down in three different kinds of business, and then tried the manufacture of glue. That stuck.

Mr. Cobb has married Miss Webb. He knew that they were to be joined as soon as he spied her.

There are six thousand and ninety manufacturing establishments in Philadelphia according to the late census.

While gold is worth seventeen dollars per ounce, fine blond hair readily commands twenty-five.

The way to treat a man of doubtful credit is to take no note of him.

It is a mistake to suppose the sun is supported in the skies by its beams.

A man who has tried it says that all the short-cuts to wealth are overcrowded.

There are four hundred and thirty-seven lakes in Oakland County, Michigan.

The census of Florida shows an Indian population of two hundred and two.

There are now more than a score of republics in the world.

A Chicago sausage-maker, with unusual candor, advertises his wares as "dog cheap."

Eight of the foreign diplomats at Washington are married to American wives.

Austria, according to late census returns, has a population of 35,943,592 souls.

Among ladies of fashion in New York the mania for skating seems to have died out.

Western adaptation of the words of the poet: "Loathe the poor Indian."

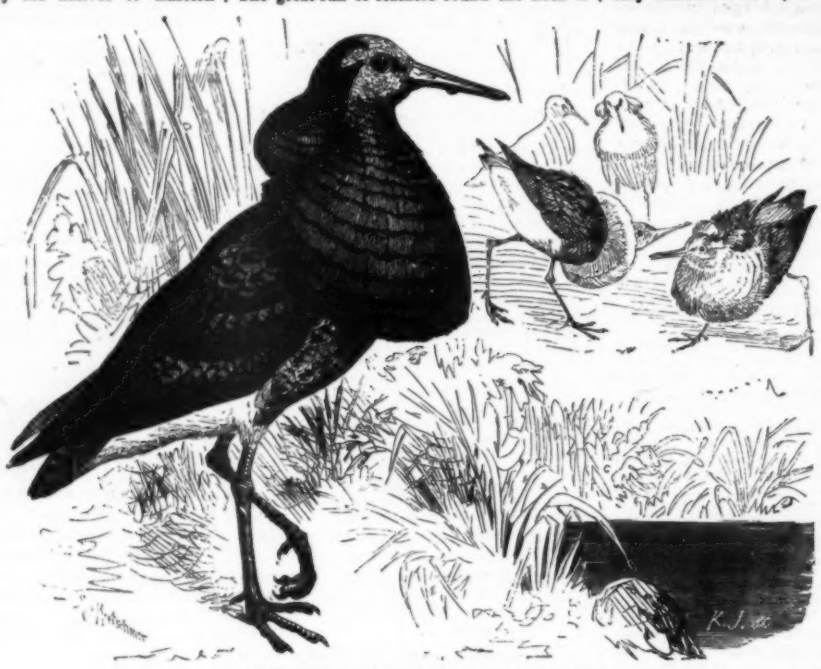
Mr. Gladstone has reached his sixty-first birthday. Mr. Disraeli is sixty-five.

The Museum.

THE second volume of Mr. Darwin's great work on "The Descent of Man" relates chiefly to the interesting subject of sexual selection. He argues that the sexes have mutually a great influence on the development of each other. The desire of the males to please the females has produced among animals, and especially among birds, the superior beauty of the male; and his superior strength, size, courage, pugnacity, and his natural weapons, such as horns and spurs, are attributed to the same influence. Almost all male birds are extremely pugnacious, using their beaks, wings, and legs for fighting together. We see this every spring with our robins and sparrows. The smallest of all birds—namely, the humming-bird—is one of the most quarrelsome. Mr. Gosse describes a battle in which a pair of humming-birds seized hold of each other's beaks, and whirled round and round till they almost fell to the ground; and M. Montes de Oca, in speaking of another genus, says that two males rarely meet without a fierce aërial encounter. When kept in cages, "their fighting has mostly ended in the splitting of the tongue of one of the two, which then surely dies from being unable to feed." With waders, the males of the common water-hen, "when pairing, fight violently for the females; they stand nearly upright in the water, and strike with their feet." Two were seen to be thus engaged for half an hour, until one got hold of the head of the other, which would have been killed, had not the observer interfered; the female all the time looking on as a quiet spectator. The

males of an allied bird (*Gallicrex cristatus*) are one-third larger than the females, and are so pugnacious during the breeding-season that they are kept by the natives of Eastern Bengal for the sake of fighting. Various other birds are kept in India for the same purpose—for instance, the bulbuls, which "fight with great spirit."

The polygamous ruff, of which we give an illustration, is notorious for his extreme pugnacity; and in the spring the males, which are considerably larger than the females, congregate day after day at a particular spot, where the females propose to lay their eggs. The fowlers discover these spots by the turf being trampled somewhat bare. Here they fight very much like game-cocks, seizing each other with their beaks, and striking with their wings. The great ruff of feathers round the neck is then erected, and, according to Colonel Montagu, "sweeps the ground as a shield to defend the more tender parts;" and this is the only instance known, in the case of birds, of any structure serving as a shield. The ruff of feathers, however, from its varied and rich colors, probably serves in chief part as an ornament. Like most pugnacious birds, they seem always ready to fight, and, when closely confined, often kill each other; but Montagu observed that their pugnacity becomes greater during the spring, when the long feathers on their necks are fully developed, and at this period the least movement by any one bird provokes a general battle.



The Ruff or Macnetes Pugnax (from Brehm's "Thierleben.")

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RALPH THE HEIR.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

["Ralph the Heir." Supplement No. XX.; continued from Supplement accompanying Journal of April 1.]

CHAPTER XLIX.—*Continued.*

He was delighted to welcome Ralph from Norfolk to all the pleasures of the metropolis. Should he put down Ralph's name at the famous Carlton, of which he had lately become a member? Ralph already belonged to an old-fashioned club, of which his father had been long a member, and declined the new honor. As for balls, evening crushes, and large dinner-parties, our Norfolk Ralph thought himself to be unsuited for them just at present, because of his father's death. It was not for the nephew of the dead man to tell the son that eight months of mourning for a father was more than the world now required. He could only take the excuse, and suggest the play, and a little dinner at Richmond, and a small party at Maidenhead as compromises. "I don't know that there is any good in a fellow being so heavy in hand because his father is dead," the squire said to his brother.

"They were so much to each other," pleaded Gregory in return. The squire accepted the excuse, and offered his namesake a horse for the park. Would he make one of the party for the moors in August? The squire asserted that he had room for another gun, without entailing any additional expense upon himself. This, indeed, was not strictly true, as it had been arranged that the cost should be paid per gun; but there was a vacancy still, and Ralph the heir, being quite willing to pay for his cousin, thought no harm to cover his generosity under a venial falsehood. The disinherited one, however, declined the offer, with many thanks. "There is nothing, old fellow, I wouldn't do for you, if I knew how," said the happy heir. Whereupon the Norfolk Ralph unconsciously resolved that he would accept nothing—or as little as possible—at the hands of the squire.

All this happened during the three or four first days of his sojourn in London, in which, he hardly knew why, he had gone neither to the villa nor to Sir Thomas in Southampton Buildings. He meant to do so, but from day to day he put it off. As regarded the ladies at the villa, the three young men now never spoke to each other respecting them. Gregory believed that his brother had failed, and, so believing, did not recur to the subject. Gregory himself had already been at Fulham once or twice since his arrival in town; but had nothing to say—or, at least, did say nothing—of what happened there. He intended to remain away from his parish for no more than the parson's normal thirteen days, and was by no means sure that he would make any further formal offer. When at the villa, he found that Clarissa was sad and sober, and almost silent; and he knew that something was wrong. It hardly occurred to him to believe that after all he might perhaps cure the evil.

One morning, early, Gregory and Ralph from Norfolk were together at the Royal Academy. Although it was not yet ten when they entered the gallery, the rooms were already so crowded that it was difficult to get near the line, and almost impossible either to get into or to get out of a corner. Gregory had been there before, and knew the pictures. He also was supposed by his friends to understand something of the subject; whereas Ralph did not know a Cooke from a Hook, and possessed no more than a dim idea that Landseer painted all the wild beasts, and Millais all the little children. "That's a fine picture," he said, pointing up to an enormous portrait of the Master of the B. B., in a red coat, seated square on a seventeen-hand high horse, with his hat off, and the favorite hounds of his pack around him.

"That's by Grant," said Gregory. "I don't know that I care for that kind of thing."

"It's as like as it can stare," said Ralph, who appreciated the red coat, and the well-groomed horse, and the finely-shaped hounds. He backed a few steps to see the picture better, and found himself encroaching upon a lady's dress. He turned round and found that the lady was Mary Bonner. Together with her were both Clarissa and Patience Underwood.

The greetings between them all were pleasant, and the girls were unaffectedly pleased to find friends whom they knew well enough to accept as guides and monitors in the room. "Now we shall be told all about every thing," said Clarissa, as the young parson shook hands first with her sister and then with her. "Do take us round to the best dozen, Mr. Newton. That's the way I like to begin." Her tone was completely different from what it had been down at the villa.

"That gentleman in the red coat is my cousin's favorite," said Gregory.

"I don't care a bit about that," said Clarissa.

"That's because you don't hunt," said Ralph.

"I wish I hunted," said Mary Bonner.

Mary, when she first saw the man, of whom she had once been told that he was to be her lover, and, when so told, had at least been proud that she was so chosen—felt that she was blushing slightly; but she recovered herself instantly, and greeted him as though there had been no cause whatever for disturbance. He was struck almost dumb at seeing her, and it was her tranquillity which restored him to composure. After the first greetings were over he found himself walking by her side without any effort on her part to avoid him, while Gregory and the two sisters went on in advance. Poor Ralph had not a word to say about the pictures. "Have you been long in London?" she asked.

"Just four days."

"We heard that you were coming, and did think that perhaps you and your cousin might find a morning to come down and see us—your Cousin Gregory, I mean."

"Of course, I shall come."

"My uncle will be so glad to see you—only, you know, you can't always find him at home. And so will Patience. You are a great favorite with Patience. You have gone down to live in Norfolk—haven't you?"

"Yes—in Norfolk."

"You have bought an estate there?"

"Just one farm that I look after myself. It's no estate, Miss Bonner—just a farm-house, with barns and stables, and a horse-pond, and the rest of it." This was by no means a fair account of the place, but it suited him so to speak of it. "My days for having an estate were quickly brought to a close—were they not?" This he said with a little laugh, and then hated himself for having spoken so foolishly.

"Does that make you unhappy, Mr. Newton?" she asked. He did not answer her at once, and she continued, "I should have thought that you were above being made unhappy by that."

"Such disappointments carry many things with them of which people outside see nothing."

"That is true, no doubt."

"A man may be separated from every friend he has in the world by such a change of circumstances."

"I had not thought of that. I beg your pardon," said she, looking into his face almost imploringly.

"And there may be worse than that," he said. Of course she knew what he meant, but he did not know how much she knew. "It is easy to say that a man should stand

up against reverses—but there are some reverses a man cannot bear without suffering." She had quite made up her mind that the one reverse of which she was thinking should be cured; but she could take no prominent step toward curing it yet. But that some step should be taken sooner or later she was resolved. It might be taken now, indeed, if he would only speak out. But she quite understood that he would not speak out now because that house down in Norfolk was no more than a farm. "But I didn't mean to trouble you with all that nonsense," he said.

"It doesn't trouble me at all. Of course you will tell us every thing when you come to see us."

"There is very little to tell—unless you care for cows and pigs, and sheep and horses."

"I do care for cows and pigs, and sheep and horses," she said.

"All the same, they are not pleasant subjects of conversation. A man may do as much good with a single farm as he can with a large estate; but he can't make his affairs as interesting to other people." There was present to his own mind the knowledge that he and his rich namesake were rivals in regard to the affections of this beautiful girl, and he could not avoid allusions to his own inferiority. And yet his own words, as soon as they were spoken and had sounded in his ear, were recognized by himself as being mean and pitiful—as whining words, and sorry plaints against the trick which Fortune had played him. He did not know how to tell her boldly that he lamented this change from the estate to the farm, because he had hoped that she would share the one with him, and did not dare even to ask her to share the other. She understood it all, down to the look of displeasure which crossed his face as he felt the possible effect of his own speech. She understood it all, but she could not give him much help—as yet. There might, perhaps, come a moment in which she could explain to him her own ideas about farms and estates, and the reasons in accordance with which these might be selected and those rejected. "Have you seen much of Ralph Newton lately?" asked the other Ralph.

"Of your cousin?"

"Yes—only I do not call him so. I have no right to call him my cousin."

"No; we do not see much of him." This was said in a tone of voice which ought to have sufficed for curing any anxiety in Ralph's bosom respecting his rival. Had he not been sore and nervous, and, as it must be admitted, almost stupid in the matter, he could not but have gathered from that tone that his namesake was at least no favorite with Miss Bonner.

"He used to be a great deal at Popham Villa," said Ralph.

"We do not see him often now. I fancy there has been some cause of displeasure between him and my uncle. His brother has been with us once or twice. I do like Mr. Gregory Newton."

"He is the best fellow that ever lived," exclaimed Ralph, with energy.

"So much nicer than his brother," said Mary—"though perhaps I ought not to say so to you."

This at any rate could not but be satisfactory to him. "I like them both," he said; "but I love Greg dearly. He and I have lived together like brothers for years, whereas it is only quite lately that I have known the other."

"It is only lately that I have known either—but they seem to me to be so different. Is not that a wonderfully beautiful picture, Mr. Newton? Can't you almost fancy yourself sitting down and throwing stones into the river, or dabbling your feet in it?"

"It is very pretty," said he, not caring a penny for the picture.

"Have you any river at Beamingham?"

"There's a muddy little brook that you could almost jump over. You wouldn't want to dabble in that."

"Has it got a name?"

"I think they call it the Wissey. It's not at all a river to be proud of—except in the way of eels and water-rats."

"Is there nothing to be proud of at Beamingham?"

"There's the church-tower—that's all."

"A church-tower is something—but I meant as to Beamingham Hall."

"That word Hall misleads people," said Ralph. "It's a kind of upper-class farm-house with a lot of low rooms, and intricate passages, and chambers here and there, smelling of apples, and a huge kitchen, and an oven big enough for a small dinner-party."

"I should like the oven."

"And a laundry, and a dairy, and a cheese-house—only we never make any cheese; and a horse-pond, and a dunghill, and a cabbage-garden."

"Is that all you can say for your new purchase, Mr. Newton?"

"The house itself isn't ugly."

"Come—that's better."

"And it might be made fairly comfortable, if there were any use in doing it."

"Of course there will be use."

"I don't know that there will," said Ralph. "Sometimes I think one thing, and sometimes another. One week I'm full of a scheme about a new garden and a conservatory, and a bow-window to the drawing-room; and then, the next week, I think that the two rooms I live in at present will be enough for me."

"Stick to the conservatory, Mr. Newton. But here are the girls, and I suppose it is about time for us to go."

"Mary, where have you been?" said Clarissa.

"Looking at landscapes," said Mary.

"Mr. Newton has shown us every picture worth seeing, and described every thing, and we haven't had to look at the catalogue once. That's just what I like at the Academy. I don't know whether you've been as lucky."

"I've had a great deal described to me too," said Mary; "but I'm afraid we've forgotten the particular duty that brought us here."

Then they parted, the two men promising that they would be at the villa before long, and the girls preparing themselves for their return home.

"That cousin of theirs is certainly very beautiful," said Gregory, after some short tribute to the merits of the two sisters.

"I think she is," said Ralph.

"I do not wonder that my brother has been struck with her."

"Nor do I." Then after a pause he continued: "She said something which made me think that she and your brother haven't quite hit it off together."

"I don't know that they have," said Gregory. "Ralph does change his mind sometimes. He hasn't said a word about her to me lately."

CHAPTER L.

ANOTHER FAILURE.

THE day after the meeting at the Academy, as Ralph, the young squire, was sitting alone in his room over a late breakfast, a maid-servant belonging to the house opened the door and introduced Mr. Neefit. It was now the middle of May, and Ralph had seen nothing of the breeches-maker since the morning on which he had made his appearance in the yard of the Moonbeam. There had been messages, and Mr. Carey had been very busy endeavoring to persuade the father that he could benefit neither himself nor his daughter by persistence in so extravagant a scheme. Money had been offered to Mr. Neefit—most unfortunately, and this offer had added to his wrongs. And he had been told by his wife that Polly had at last decided in regard to her own affections, and had accepted her old lover, Mr. Moggs. He had raved at Polly to her face. He had sworn at Moggs behind his back. He had called Mr. Carey very hard names—and now he forced himself once more upon the presence of the young squire.

"Captain," he said, as soon as he had carefully closed the door behind him, "are you going to be upon the square?"

Newton had given special orders that Neefit should not be admitted to his presence; but here he was, having made his way into the chamber in the temporary absence of the squire's own servant.

"Mr. Neefit," said Newton, "I cannot allow this."

"Not allow it, captain?"

"No—I cannot. I will not be persecuted. I have received favors from you—"

"Yes, you have, captain."

"And I will do any thing in reason to repay them."

"Will you come out and see our Polly?"

"No, I won't."

"You won't?"

"Certainly not. I don't believe your

daughter wants to see me. She is engaged to another man." So much Mr. Carey had learned from Mrs. Neefit. "I have a great regard for your daughter, but I will not go to see her."

"Engaged to another man—is she?"

"I am told so."

"Oh—that's your little game, is it? And you won't see me when I call—won't you? I won't stir out of this room unless you sends for the police, and so we'll get it all into one of the courts of law. I shall just like to see how you'll look when you're being cross-hackled by one of them learned gents. There'll be a question or two about the old breeches-maker as the Squire of Newton mayn't like to see in the papers the next morning. I shall take the liberty of ringing the bell and ordering a bit of dinner here, if you don't mind. I sha'n't go when the police comes without a deal of a row, and then we shall have it all out in the courts."

This was monstrously absurd, but, at the same time, very annoying. Even though he should disregard that threat of being "cross-hackled by a learned gent," and of being afterward made notorious in the newspapers—which, it must be confessed, he did not find himself able to disregard—still, independently of that feeling, he was very unwilling to call for brute force to remove Mr. Neefit from the arm-chair in which that worthy tradesman had seated himself. He had treated the man otherwise than as a tradesman. He had borrowed the man's money, and eaten the man's dinners; visited the man at Ramsgate, and twice offered his hand to the man's daughter. "You are very welcome to dine here," he said, "only I am sorry that I cannot dine here with you."

"I won't stir from the place for a week."

"That will be inconvenient," said Ralph.

"Uncommon inconvenient, I should say, to a gent like you—especially as I shall tell everybody that I'm on a visit to my son-in-law."

"I meant to yourself—and to the business."

"Never you mind the business, captain. There'll be enough left to give my girl all the money I promised her, and I don't think I shall have to ask you to keep your father-in-law neither. Sending an attorney to offer me a thousand pounds! It's my belief I could buy you out yet, captain, in regard to ready money."

"I dare say you could, Mr. Neefit."

"And I won't stir from here till you name a day to come and see me and my missus and Polly."

"This is sheer madness, Mr. Neefit."

"You think so—do you, captain? You'll find me madder nor you think for yet. I'm not a-going to be put down upon by you, and nothing come of it. I'll have it out of you in money or marbles, as the saying is. Just order me a glass of sherry-wine, will you? I'm a thirsty talking. When you came a visiting me, I always give you lashings of drink." This was so true that Ralph felt himself compelled to ring the bell, and order up some wine. "Soda-and-brandy let it be, Jack," said Mr. Neefit, to Mr. Newton's own man. "It'll be more comfortable-like between near relations."

"Soda-water-and-brandy for Mr. Neefit," said the young squire, turning angrily to the man. "Mr. Neefit, you are perfectly welcome to as much brandy as you can drink, and my man will wait upon you while I'm away. Good-morning." Whereupon Newton took up his hat and left the room. He had not passed into the little back room in which he knew that the servant would be looking for soda-water, before he heard a sound as of smashed crockery, and he was convinced that Mr. Neefit was preparing himself for forcible eviction by breaking his ornaments. Let the ornaments go, and the mirror, and the clock on the chimney-piece, and the windows! It was a frightful nuisance, but any thing would be better than sending for the police to take away Mr. Neefit. "Keep your eye on that man in the front room," said he, to his Swiss valet.

"On Mr. Neefit, saar?"

"Yes; on Mr. Neefit. He wants me to marry his daughter, and I can't oblige him. Let him have what he wants to eat and drink. Get rid of him if you can, but don't send for the police. He's smashing all the things, and you must save as many as you can." So saying, he hurried down the stairs and out of the house. But what was he to do next? If Mr. Neefit chose to carry out his threat by staying in the rooms, Mr. Neefit must be allowed to have his own way. If he chose to amuse himself by breaking the things, the things must be broken. If he got very drunk, he might probably be taken home in a cab, and deposited at the cottage at Hendon. But what should Ralph do at this moment? He sauntered sadly down St. James's Street with his hands in his trousers-pockets, and, finding a crawling hansom at the palace-gate, he got into it and ordered the man to drive him down to Fulham. He had already made up his mind about "dear little Clary," and the thing might as well be done at once. None of the girls were at home. Miss Underwood and Miss Bonner had gone up to London to see Sir Thomas. Miss Clarissa was spending the day with Mrs. Brownlow. "That will just be right," said Ralph, to himself, as he ordered the cabman to drive him to the old lady's house on the Brompton Road.

Mrs. Brownlow had ever been a great admirer of the young squire, and did not admire him less now that he had come to his squireship. She had always hoped that Clary would marry the real heir, and was sounding his praises while Ralph was knocking at her door.

"He is not half so fine a fellow as his brother," said Clarissa.

"You did not use to think so," said Mrs. Brownlow. Then the door was opened and Ralph was announced.

With his usual easy manner—with that unabashed grace which Clarissa used to think so charming—he soon explained that he had been to Fulham, and had had himself driven back to Bolsover House because Clarissa was there. Clarissa, as she heard this, felt the blood tingle in her cheeks. His manner now did not seem to her to be so full of grace. Was it not all selfishness? Mrs. Brownlow purred out her applause. It was not to be supposed that he came to see an old woman—but his coming to see a young woman, with adequate intentions, was quite the proper thing for such a young man to do! They were just going to take lunch. Of course, he would stop and lunch with them. He declared that he would like nothing better. Mrs. Brownlow rang the bell, and gave her little orders. Clarissa's thoughts referred quickly to various matters—to the scene on the lawn, to a certain evening on which she had walked home with him from this very house, to the confessions which she had made to her sister, to her confidence with her cousin—and then to the offer that had been made to Mary, now only a few weeks since. She looked at him, though she did not seem to be looking at him, and told herself that the man was nothing to her. He had caused her unutterable sorrow, with which her heart was still sore—but he was nothing to her. She would eat her lunch with him, and endeavor to talk to him; but the less she might see of him henceforth the better. He was selfish, heartless, weak, and unworthy.

The lunch was eaten, and, within three minutes afterward, Mrs. Brownlow was away. As they were returning to the little parlor in which they had been sitting during the morning, she contrived to escape, and Ralph found himself alone with his "dear, darling little Clary." In spite of his graceful ease, the task before him was not without difficulty. Clarissa, of course, knew that he had proposed to Mary, and probably knew that he had proposed to Polly. But Mary had told him that Clarissa was devoted to him—had told him at least that which amounted to almost as much. And then it was incumbent on him to do something that might put an end to the Neefit abomination. Clarissa would be contented to look back upon that episode with Mary Bonner, as a dream that meant nothing—just as he himself was already learning to look at it.

"Clary," he said, "I have hardly seen you to speak to you since the night we walked home together from this house."

"No, indeed, Mr. Newton," she said. Hitherto she had always called him Ralph. He did not observe the change, having too many things of his own to think of at the moment.

"How much has happened since that evening!"

"Very much, indeed, Mr. Newton."

"And yet it seems to be such a short time ago—almost yesterday. My poor uncle was alive then."

"Yes, he was."

He did not seem to be getting any nearer to his object by these references to past events.

"Clary," he said, "there are many things which I wish to have forgotten, and some perhaps which I would have forgiven."

"I suppose that is so with all of us," said Clarissa.

"Just so, though I don't know that any of us have ever been so absurdly foolish as I have—throwing away what was of the greatest value in the world for the sake of something that seemed to be precious, just for a moment."

It was very difficult, and he already began to feel that the nature of the girl was altered toward him. She had suddenly become hard, undemonstrative, and almost unkind. Hitherto he had always regarded her, without much conscious thought about it, as a soft, sweet, pleasant thing, that might at any moment be his for the asking. And Mary Bonner had told him that he ought to ask. Now he was willing to beseech her pardon, to be in very truth her lover, and to share with her all his prosperity. But she would give him no assistance in his difficulty. He was determined that she should speak, and, trusting to Mrs. Brownlow's absence, he sat still, waiting for her.

"I hope you have thrown away nothing that you ought to keep," she said at last. "It seems to me that you have got every thing."

"No—not as yet every thing. I do not know whether I shall ever get that which I desire the most."

Of course she understood him now; but she sat hard, and fixed, and stern—so absolutely unlike the Clarissa whom he had known since they were hardly more than children together!

"You know what I mean, Clarissa."

"No—I do not," she said.

"I fear you mean that you cannot forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive."

"Oh, yes, you have; whether you will ever forgive me I cannot say. But there is much to forgive—very much. Your cousin Mary for a short moment ran away with us all."

"She is welcome—for me."

"What do you mean, Clarissa?"

"Just what I say. She is welcome for me. She has taken nothing that I prize. Indeed, I do not think she has condescended to take any thing—any thing of the sort you mean. Mary and I love each other dearly. There is no danger of our quarrelling."

"Come, Clary," he got up as he spoke, and stood over her, close to her shoulder, "you understand well enough what I mean. We have known each other so long, and I think we have loved each other so well, that you ought to say that you will forgive me. I have been foolish. I have been wrong. I have been false, if you will. Cannot you forgive me?"

Not for a moment was there a look of forgiveness in her eye, or a sign of pardon in the lines of her face. But in her heart there was a contest. Something of the old passion remained there, though it was no more than the soreness it had caused. For half a moment she thought whether it might not be as he would have it. But if so, how could she again look any of her friends in the face and admit that she had surrendered herself to so much unworthiness? How could she tell Patience, who was beginning to be full of renewed hope for Gregory? How could she confess such a weakness to her father? How could she stand up before Mary Bonner? And was it possible that she should really give herself, her whole life, and all her future hopes, to one so weak and worthless as this man?

"There is nothing to forgive," she said, "but I certainly cannot forget."

"You know that I love you," he protested.

"Love me—yes, with what sort of love? But it does not matter. There need be no further talk about it. Your love to me can be nothing."

"Clarissa!"

"And to you it will be quite as little. Your heart will never suffer much, Ralph. How long is it since you offered your hand to my cousin? Only that you are just a boy playing at love, this would be an insult." Then she saw her old friend through the window.—"Mrs. Brownlow," she said, "Mr. Newton is going, and I am ready for our walk whenever you please."

"Think of it twice, Clarissa—must this be the end of it?" pleaded Ralph.

"As far as I am concerned it must be the end of it. When I get home I shall probably find that you have already made an offer to Patience."

Then he got up, took his hat, and having shaken hands cordially with Mrs. Brownlow through the window, went out to his hansom cab, which was earning sixpence a quarter of an hour out on the road, while he had been so absolutely wasting his quarter of an hour within the house.

"Has he said any thing, my dear?" asked Mrs. Brownlow.

"He has said a great deal."

"Well, my dear?"

"He is an empty, vain, inconstant man."

"Is he, Clarissa?"

"And yet he is so good-humored, and so gay, and so pleasant, that I do not see why he should not make a very good husband to some girl."

"What do you mean, Clarissa? You have not refused him?"

"I did not say he had offered—did I?"

"But he has?"

"If he did—then I refused him. He is good-natured; but he has no more heart than a log of wood. Don't talk about it any more, dear Mrs. Brownlow. I dare say we shall all be friends again before long, and he'll almost forget every thing that he said this morning."

Throughout the afternoon she was gay and almost happy, and before she went home she had made up her mind that she would tell Patience, and then get rid of it from her thoughts forever. Not to tell Patience would be a breach of faith between them, and would, moreover, render future sisterly intercourse between them very difficult. But had it been possible she would have avoided the expression of triumph without which it would be almost impossible for her to tell the story. Within her own bosom certainly there was some triumph. The man for whose love she had sighed and been sick had surrendered to her at last. The prize had been at her feet, but she had not chosen to lift it. "Poor Ralph," she said to herself; "he means to do as well as he can, but he is so feeble." She certainly would not tell Mary Bonner, nor would she say a word to her father. And when she should meet Ralph again—as she did not doubt but that she would meet him shortly, she would be very careful to give no sign that she was thinking of his disgrace. He should still be called Ralph—till he was a married man; and when it should come to pass that he was about to marry she would congratulate him with all the warmth of old friendship.

That night she did tell it all to Patience. "You don't mean," she said, "that I have not done right?"

"I am sure you have done quite right."

"Then why are you so sober about it, Patty?"

"Only if you do love him—! I would give my right hand, Clary, that you might have that which shall make you happy in life."

"If you were to give your right and left hand too, a marriage with Ralph Newton would not make me happy. Think of it, Patty—to both of us within two months! He is just like a child. How could I ever have respected him, or believed in him? I could never have respected myself again. No, Patty, I did love him dearly. I fancied that life without him must all be a dreary blank. I made him into a god—but his feet are of the poorest clay! Kiss me, dear, and congratulate me—because I have escaped."

Her sister did kiss her and did congratulate her—but still there was a something of regret in the sister's heart. Clarissa was, to her thinking, so fit to be the mistress of Newton Priory.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]